

The Sketch



No. 663.—VOL. LI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



THE NEW SHYLOCK: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,"
AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier played Shylock for the first time two-and-twenty years ago, when he was an undergraduate at Oxford. A character-portrait of him at that time appears on another page of this number.

Drawn exclusively for "The Sketch," at a Special Sitting, by Ralph Cleaver.



I SAY, but this is splendid news! You've heard about it, haven't you? No? Then I shall have the pleasure of telling you. Look here. A few days ago, Sir James Crichton-Browne gave an address at Charing Cross Hospital. Unfortunately for myself, I neither heard the address nor read it, but what I did read was a letter, supplementing the address, sent to the Editor of a daily paper by Mr. Lionel Arbuthnot. I gathered from Mr. Arbuthnot's letter that Sir James had been saying particularly sweet things about the modern youth. For example, that it was distinctly bad form among young men of the present day to drink too much, or to waste one's time. Not bad, you know, to begin with, but Mr. Arbuthnot insisted on going one better. In his opinion—and he wrote with the air of a man who knew jolly well what he was talking about—the modern youth is a pink-and-white saint, who goes to bed at ten, gets up at six, drinks nothing stronger than water, and has the Ten Commandments worked in gold silk across his shirt-fronts. Listen: "At Oxford and Cambridge, in the London Clubs where young men congregate, and even in certain circles at Eton and Winchester, it is far better form nowadays to discuss, like one's elders, the respective merits of Perrier and Vichy water than of Heidsieck and Périer-Jouët." There! I say that is grand news, and I do not for one moment grudge Mr. Arbuthnot the glory of having been the first to discover these facts.

Ever since I read Mr. Arbuthnot's letter, my imagination has been playing with the new style of conversation so crisply suggested. Can't you hear them yourself, sympathetic reader? Here they go—

THE TRINITY BLOOD. What are you drinking, old man? Have another ginger-ale?

THE MAGDALEN BLOOD. No, thanks, old chap. It's a little too tasty to be healthy. Might I have two drops of lemon-juice in a glass of clear spring-water?

THE T. B. Certainly, Harold, if you wish it. How do you like my new picture?

THE M. B. Which one? Oh, yes. "The Departure of the Israelites from Egypt." Very suggestive.

THE T. B. Dear friend, you horrify me. What is there suggestive about it?

THE M. B. Oh, I didn't mean that. I meant that it conjures up the actual scene very vividly. Don't you think so?

THE T. B. Very; very. I put it in place of that "Girl at the Wishing-Well," you know. I think it's such bad form to have pictures of women in one's rooms—always excepting, of course, one's own relations.

THE M. B. Of course. And even then, perhaps, it is better to exclude cousins. One's ideas may so easily be misconstrued.

THE T. B. Quite so, my dear fellow, quite so. I've made up my mind not to invite any of my relations to the Eights next year. It is high time that the 'Varsity came to look upon that event as a purely sporting—I beg your pardon, athletic—affair, and not as a mere excuse for flirtation.

THE M. B. I'm delighted to hear you say so, Reginald, for the same thing had occurred to me. By the way, there seems a nice, healthy tone among the freshmen this term. Don't you think so?

THE T. B. Indeed, yes. There are two, I'm told, who smoke cigarettes after Hall, but no doubt they will soon give it up when they discover that it involves social ostracism.

THE M. B. No doubt, no doubt. I was sorry to hear, though, about Franklin of Oriol.

THE T. B. What was that? I hadn't heard.

THE M. B. Well, you know he spends an hour every morning in the Union?

THE T. B. Yes. I myself take advantage almost daily of their excellent library.

THE M. B. I wish I could say the same of Franklin, but I am told that he goes there merely to see the newspapers.

THE T. B. Dear, dear! The pity of it! And his tutor, I suppose, imagines—

THE M. B. —that he is hard at work. Quite so. That makes it a thousand times worse. We must really speak to him seriously. He used to be such a nice fellow. . . . Hallo! Nine-thirty. I'm off.

THE T. B. Still keeping up your splendid gate-record? Congratulations. Sure you won't have a little more lemon-water?

THE M. B. Quite, thanks. Good-night, dear fellow.

With every mark of respect to Mr. Arbuthnot, it is a relief to turn to this really shocking advertisement that appeared in a recent issue of the *Times*—

A HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT FOOL, with no qualifications, social or intellectual, totally devoid of knowledge on any conceivable subject, thoroughly indolent and untrustworthy, is desirous of obtaining a remunerative post in any capacity.

Incomprehensible, you say, but why shocking? Shocking, I reply, but by no means incomprehensible. Cannot you conceive any set of circumstances under which such an advertisement as that might wickedly be penned? I can, then. I can imagine a ne'er-do-well nephew being severely lectured by a rich maiden aunt. I can hear her saying: "But other young men get useful employment, and so could you." And I can hear the rascal replying: "I can't. I've tried, and I can't." Says she: "Are you willing to work?" Says he: "Quite willing. I'd do any mortal thing." "Done!" she cries. "Put an advertisement in the *Times*, offering to do any kind of work so long as you get paid for it." Says the cunning one: "Suppose I still fail? Will you persist in cutting off supplies?" "No," says the simple Auntie. "If you insert an advertisement such as I have suggested, and nobody answers it, I shall consider that you are cursed of Fate, and shall be willing to help you, as heretofore, so far as my means allow." Says he: "Is that an absolute bargain—no cod?" Says she: "I don't know what the fish has to do with it, but I am perfectly sincere." Then the wretch goes away and draws up that advertisement. Tell me, is this a reasonable explanation or is it not?

I read that a gardener employed by H.M. Office of Works recently discovered a live shell under Mr. Arnold-Forster's window. This looks as though somebody had tried to hatch a plot and made a mess of it. (Sample joke of the period. In the old days, they would have italicised the words "live shell" and "hatch.")

"However, here we are, and let us hope we shall muddle through." That is one of the most refreshing sentences that I have come across in a newspaper for some time. I found it in a *Pall Mall Gazette* leader on Tuesday evening of last week, and then I read that leader all through, and enjoyed every word of it. I don't know who wrote it; but, whoever he is, I like him. The sentence that I have quoted is refreshing, of course, because it is so utterly human. It is very hard to find the human note in our newspapers. It comes out in the reports of murders, inquests, trials, and so forth; but the bulk of one's daily paper is made up of stupid political twaddle, nine-tenths of which leads to nothing, rumours of wars which never come to pass, puffy leaders, letters from idiots, empty gossip about tedious society people, and telegrams from "our own correspondent" abroad, who evidently believes that fact or fiction, if stated sufficiently baldly, is of overwhelming interest. . . . Still, here we are, and no doubt we shall muddle through.

THE REVIVAL OF "FOR THE CROWN," AT THE SCALA.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS CONSTANTINE BRANCOMIR.

The withdrawal of the Duchess of Sutherland's play, "The Conqueror," has given Mr. Forbes-Robertson opportunity to revive John Davidson's adaptation of François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne," which was originally produced by Mr. Robertson at the Lyceum. Mr. Robertson is, of course, resuming his original part, Miss Gertrude Elliott undertaking the rôle of Militza, originally played by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Miss Suzanne Sheldon taking Miss Winifred Emery's place as Bazilide. Mr. Ian Robertson is appearing as Stephen, Bishop and King of the Balkans, Mr. Charles Bryant as Prince Michael, and Mr. Courtenay Thorpe as Ibrahim.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

THE CLUBMAN.

A Coming "Entente" with Russia—The German-Russian—What India thinks of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty—Lord Kitchener and the Native Army—Raising the Rank of Japanese Ministers to the Great Powers—Japanese Justice.

IT will not be any very great surprise to men who know Russia and the Russians if our Government is able to announce before the spring of next year that a complete understanding has been come to with the Northern Empire as to all the great moot questions which lie between her and us. A Russian infinitely prefers an

Englishman as a friend to a German, and what holds true of individuals holds true of Empires. A Russian gentleman is never tired of explaining that the officials of his country, who eat up the land, and who stand between the Czar and his people, are mostly German by birth. The bureaucracy is, in Russian eyes, something "made in Germany," and heartily disliked as such.

The people very near the Russian throne, the Grand Dukes and others, have always talked very freely of their goodwill towards England (there are one or two exceptions, of course—the leaders of the War Party, who would be glad to fight any nation), and have always declared that if Russia were allowed to gratify her natural desire

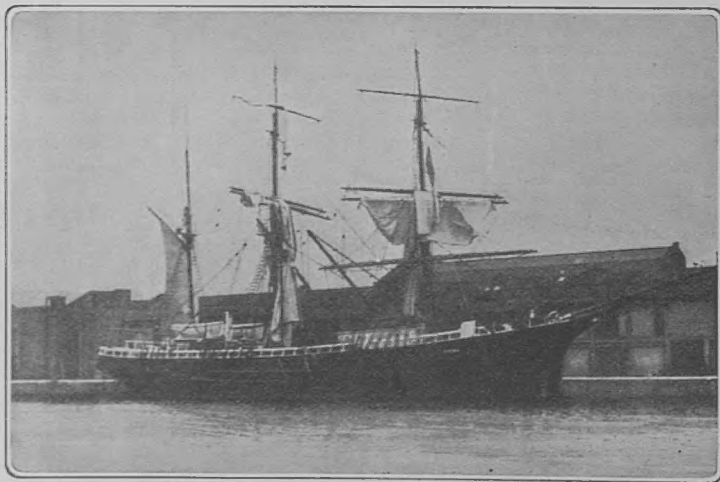


ASSASSINATED IN A FRENCH MUSIC-HALL :
MLLE. ROSE NOEL.

Mlle. Noel was shot dead in a café concert-hall at Niort, in the Deux-Sèvres, by a Sub-Lieutenant of the 114th Infantry, who afterwards barricaded himself in a box and held the audience and gendarmes at bay by the aid of a revolver. Ultimately he surrendered to a priest. The Sub-Lieutenant met Mlle. Noel at St. Maixent of Armandine Fer, and became passionately enamoured of her. The fact that she tired of her lover led to her murder.

Photograph by the Exclusive News Agency.

to possess a warm-water port, and if England did not attempt to thwart her in all her ambitions, there would never be trouble on the Indian frontiers. The differences between Russia and ourselves, as Mr. Balfour reminded us all this year, are not so easily settled as those



ON THE "MISSING" LIST FOR NEARLY A YEAR: THE BARQUE "STORK."

The "Stork," which is a wooden barque belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, arrived at the West India Docks the other day after having been "lost" for nearly a year. The vessel left Charlton Island, James Bay, N.-W. Canada, on September 19th of last year, and soon met pack-ice and great gales. As a result, she was forced back to Charlton Island, and was immediately "iced-up." In this state she remained for ten months. While picking her way out of the ice she came across the Antarctic Exploration Ship "Discovery," which had also been ice-bound.

Photograph by Park.

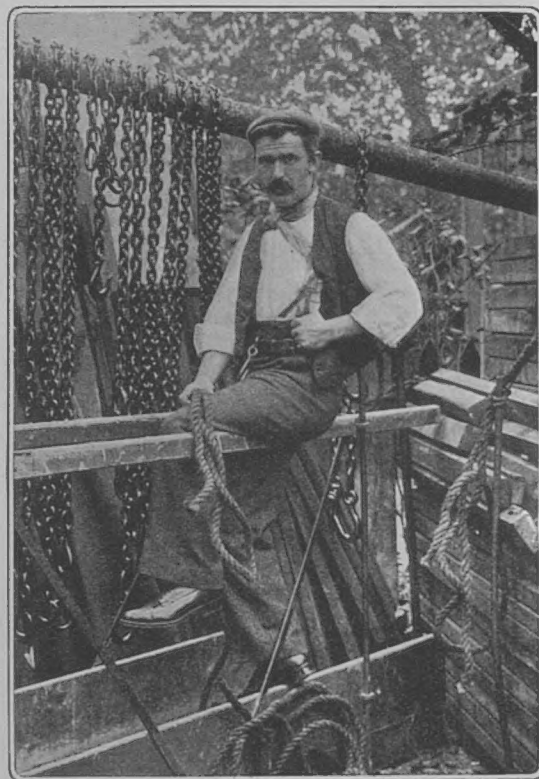
we had with France; but Russia has never of late years been so much inclined as she is now to obtain her desires by peaceful means and deal with fair give-and-take.

It is curious to learn that in India the Anglo-Japanese Treaty has not been received as enthusiastically as it has been in Great Britain. There is rather an unreasonable spirit of discontent abroad just now in our great Eastern Empire, and the light in which the natives view the matter is that the Japanese guarantee of the safety of India casts rather a reflection on the prowess of our Sepoy army. Of course, this is not a fact, for, if there were war on the Indian frontiers, all the Japanese would be asked to do would be to make a diversion elsewhere in Asia.

The Indian Army has groaned a little under the weight of work which Lord Kitchener has laid upon it. Hercules is of such boundless energy and of such an iron constitution that he sometimes forgets that other men are not built of such unbreakable material. He at one time contemplated manoeuvres in the plains during the hot weather, I am told, but was persuaded by his Staff to abandon the idea. That British and native soldiers both can march and fight in the hottest part of the Indian summer the Mutiny proved; but the terrible discomfort of tent-life during the intense heat, with no great excitement to brace up the men, would most likely have created much sickness had these manoeuvres taken place.

In two matters Lord Kitchener has just made concessions to the Indian Army and has gained popularity by doing so. He has put a

little extra money into the pockets of the men by a revision of the regulations concerning clothing. A man will only have to obtain a new uniform and pay for it now when his kit ceases to be smart, instead of having it renewed at his own expense at stated periods. A contest in efficiency between all the native regiments in a District, a tournament in which every regiment was tried in turn against every other, has been so much disliked by men and officers that, though it was one of his own ideas, Lord Kitchener has not insisted on its being carried out any longer. There are regiments of so many nationalities in the Indian Army, and race-feeling is so easily stirred up, that all old Anglo-Indians think that the Commander-in-Chief is very wise in abolishing this trial.



THE MAN WHO IS TO DECORATE THE NELSON COLUMN WITH LAUREL: MR. LARKINS, THE LANCASHIRE STEEPLE-JACK.

Trafalgar Day is to be celebrated with especial pomp and circumstance this year. The Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square is to be entwined by a laurel wreath, and to be lit-up by a number of searchlights. Mr. Larkins has been chosen to fix the laurel.

Photograph by Bowden Brothers.

The Japanese Ministers at the Courts of the Great Powers are presently to be raised to the rank of Ambassadors, and Japan will quietly take her place, as the United States have done, amongst the great nations. It is not so very long ago that the Japanese, making their first step towards recognition, had great trouble in convincing the Powers that her Courts of Justice could be depended upon to deal fairly by any foreigners who might be brought before them. I was in Japan at the time that the question of the abolition of the Consular Courts was being discussed, and I remember well the views that were taken in the various Legations.

England then was the one Power that was inclined to trust the liberties of her subjects to the Japanese sense of justice; for there were men both at the Legation and the Tokio Consulate who knew the Japanese and their character well and had spent all their official life in the East. Sir Harry Parkes was our Minister, and no one knew the nations of the Far East better than he did. He had been carried in a cage by the Chinese as a prisoner, and had undergone many indignities and sufferings at their hands, but he saw more clearly than anyone else that Japan was sloughing off all the evils of the East and absorbing all the good of the West. He gave the lead to the representatives of the other Powers, who had eventually to follow.

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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return registered contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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FRIDAY'S ROYAL VISIT TO RABY CASTLE, DARLINGTON:
THE KING'S HOST, LORD BARNARD.

The King will motor over from Brougham Hall, Penrith, to Raby Castle, near Darlington, on Friday next, and will lunch with Lord and Lady Barnard.

Photograph by Dickinson.

splendour with neighbouring Lowther Castle or Greystoke Castle; still, it boasts of a magnificent baronial hall containing much splendid armour worn by Edward IV. and Richard III. The grounds are noted among flower-lovers, both Lord and Lady Brougham being enthusiastic horticulturists. Indeed, Lord Brougham's book on rose-culture is a leading authority.

Raby and its Owner.

The King's visit to Raby Castle will be of peculiar interest, and, if His Majesty's motor-car is driven straight into the great hall, as carriages have often been, those present will see a striking example of a great mediæval stronghold being peacefully stormed by the most modern form of locomotion. Lord Barnard's life has been in one sense quite a romance, for in the days when he was Mr. Harry Vane and the husband of a singularly charming young matron, *née* Lady Catherine Cecil, he was not at all well-off. Then, after the death of the Duke of Cleveland, he was able to prove his right to the ancient Barony of Barnard, and so, incidentally, to inherit magnificent Raby. Raby is the most perfect example of a great English castle; it has three courtyards, and to those who wander through its corridors and numberless suites of apartments appears as large as many a Royal palace. Lord Barnard, who is only just over fifty, is a noted Freemason. Two years ago, his eldest son—who, of course, also bears the historic Vane name of Harry—came of age, the event being celebrated with many old-fashioned rejoicings both at Raby and at Middleton House. Lady Barnard is very popular in the neighbourhood of Darlington, and is a great lady of the old school.

The Sovereign and the Post Office.

On Monday next (16th) the King lays the foundation-stone of the new Post Office, and the ceremony is likely to prove an exceptionally interesting one. Within His Majesty's own lifetime incredible

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

HIS MAJESTY has often been entertained in the Villa Eléonore at Cannes by Lord and Lady Brougham, but they have never welcomed the Sovereign in their famous Border stronghold. Lady Brougham has been twice married. She is the mother of the present Sir Richard Musgrave of Edenhall, and also of one of their Majesties' favourite younger friends, Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld. Brougham is a beautiful place, though it cannot compare in

changes have taken place in this most valuable Public Department, England having been the pioneer of postal reforms during the whole of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Whether penny postage has proved an unmixed boon to the Royal Family may well be doubted, for it has enormously increased the contents of the Sovereign's letter-bag, and brought every member of the Court world within epistolary reach of all those, lunatics and begging-letter writers not excepted, who are possessed of a penny stamp.

Next Week's Royal Wedding.

The British people will follow with interest the wedding festivities of Duke Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, which will be solemnised to-day (11th) and to-morrow. Many of us remember the pathetic circumstances connected with the birth of this young Prince, born after the death of his gifted and popular father; and his mother, the Duchess of Albany, has won a high place in the regard of those



TO-MORROW'S ROYAL VISIT TO LORD AND LADY BROUGHAM:
BROUGHAM CASTLE, PENRITH.

On his way back from Balmoral to London His Majesty has decided to break his journey by a visit to Brougham Hall, where he is due to arrive to-morrow evening. The stay will be extended until Saturday evening, when His Majesty will leave for London, arriving at Buckingham Palace early on Sunday.

Photograph by Frith.

among whom she has now spent the greater half of her life. It is said that the young Duke hopes to pay an early visit to Claremont with his bride, who bears the good-omened name of Victoria.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO LORD AND LADY BARNARD: RABY CASTLE.

Raby Castle belonged to the Nevill family for centuries, and the member of the line who became Earl of Westmorland obtained the Royal permission to embattle the towers of the structure in 1379. The sixth and last Earl of that creation conspired unsuccessfully against Queen Elizabeth, and died a refugee, whereupon his property was claimed by the Crown. In the time of James I. the Castle and lands were put up for sale by some citizens of London who had obtained a grant of them. They were bought by Sir Harry Vane, an ancestor of Lord Barnard.

Photograph by Frith.

Lord Malden's Romantic Marriage.

Algernon George de Vere Capell, Viscount Malden, and Miss Eveline Freeman, now Lady Malden, have provided the Peerage with quite a little romance. Lord Malden is the only son of the Earl of Essex; Lady Malden is the daughter of Mr. R. Stewart Freeman, J.P., D.L., of Old Manor House, Wingrave, Bucks. Both hero and heroine of the romance are devoted to hunting: they met for the first time while out with the Rothschild Staghounds, and at the end of the Season they were engaged. Lord Malden, studying at the Agricultural College at Cirencester, then became a frequent caller at Wingrave, and on the occasion of his most recent visit, on the 26th of last month, came the surprise.

The Manner of It.

The manner of it is this: On the previous evening the bridegroom-elect motored into Aylesbury, put up at the George, and asked to be awakened at five in the morning. By six he had reached the gates of the Old Manor House, and had blown three blasts on his motor-horn. The response was immediate. Miss Freeman joined him, and the pair set out for Cirencester. Before they had reached Oxford their car had had three breakdowns, with the result that they finished their journey by train. At Cirencester they were married by special licence, and immediately afterwards the bride telegraphed to her parents: "Married Lord Malden to-day.—Eveline." The honeymoon is being spent at Leighton Buzzard, and, this finished, Lord and Lady Malden will go to Cassiobury Park, Watford, Lord Essex's country seat.

Spring-Cleaning the Embankment Statues.

A stroll through the printer-haunted gardens of the Embankment just now makes it difficult to believe that the enterprising American youth with the unwritable name who journeyed to England with the laudable intention of blacking the boots of the King and of other minor celebrities has really returned to his native land. A glance at the few statues dotting the oases in the wilderness of bricks-and-mortar that verges on the river suggests that, deprived of his first desire by

that etiquette which moderns have substituted for the divinity that doth hedge a King, the youth aforesaid has devoted his abundant energy to them. In brief, they have been well blacked and apparently well polished; their gloss varies from that of the patent-leather to that of the more comfortable but duller kid. Raikes, Burns, and Sullivan are in the patent-leather stage; Forster in the kid; The Wrestlers, judging by their well-oiled appearance, will spend many more years before they get to the grips they have so long contemplated.

Brunel alone is honoured by being permitted to remain picturesquely sooty. Doubtless the polishing is preservative—even Nature must be protected by spiked railings nowadays—but the artist, at all events, will not rest content until the smoke of London has done its softening work again.

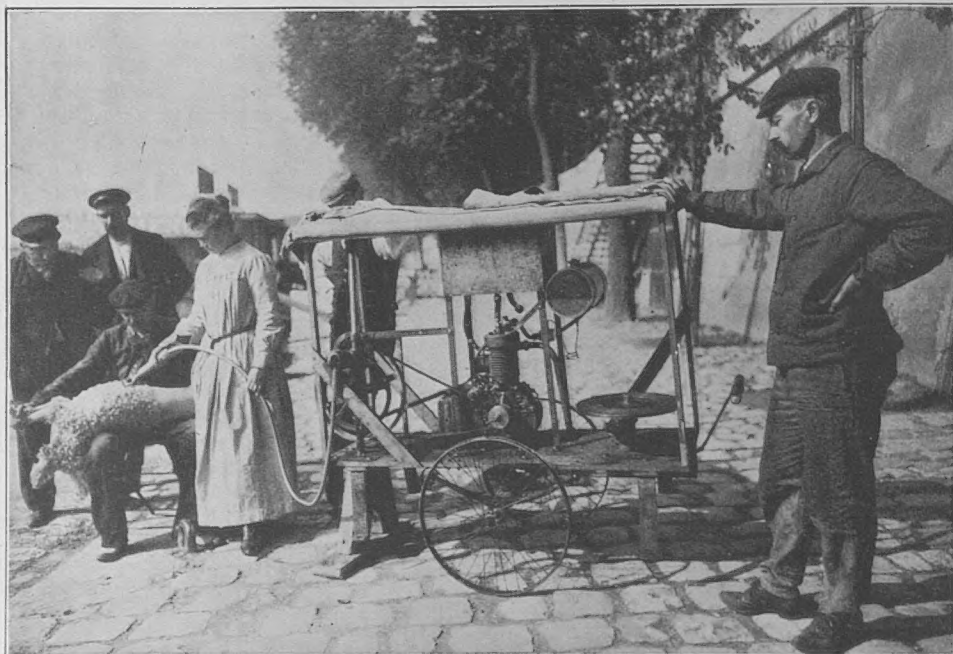
A Weather Prophet.

In Paris, for the last few months, a prophet who calls himself the "Vieux Major" has been giving his forecasts of the weather, and he has differed from other prophets in this respect, that he has been correct in his utterances more often than not. Here are his vaticinations for October: Up to the tenth of the month the weather will be fine and cold, then from

the eleventh to the fourteenth there will be a slight depression, with some rain. From the fifteenth to the twenty-ninth the weather will be fine, with several days of above the average warmth, and then the month will end up with a couple of days of variable and colder weather. As the "Vieux Major" prophesied the rain and cold of August and September, let us hope that he will be equally correct in his forecast of a pleasant October.

The Lady Mayoress- Elect of London.

Of late years it has frequently happened that the Lord Mayor of London has been either a widower or a bachelor. During the next Mayoral year another bachelor, Mr. Alderman Vaughan Morgan, is to sit in the civic chair, and the honours of the Mansion House will be done by his niece, Mrs. Hornby Steer. Mrs. Steer, who is tall, handsome, and fair, is the wife of the Rev. William Hornby Steer, who will act as Chaplain during the period of office of the Lord Mayor-Elect.



DOG-SHEARING BY MOTOR: TRIMMING A POODLE BY MACHINERY.

Among the latest uses to which the motor has been put must now be placed dog-shearing. The apparatus here illustrated is stationed on the banks of the Seine, is 2½ h.p., and can shear six dogs an hour.

Photograph by Brauger.



Lord Malden.

THE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF VISCOUNT MALDEN AND MISS EVELINE FREEMAN: THE BRIDEGROOM.

Lord Malden is the only son of the Earl of Essex by that nobleman's first marriage, and was born on February 21, 1884. He first met Miss Freeman while hunting with the Rothschild Staghounds, and before the end of that Season was engaged to her.



Miss Freeman.

THE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF VISCOUNT MALDEN AND MISS EVELINE FREEMAN: THE BRIDE.

Lady Malden was born Eveline Freeman, daughter of Mr. R. Stewart Freeman, J.P., D.L., of Old Manor House, Wingrave, Bucks, and is rather more than a year older than her husband. After her "surprise wedding" she telegraphed to her parents: "Married Lord Malden to-day.—Eveline."

Photographs by J. T. Newman.



THE STEP-MOTHER OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH: MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt had been twice a widow before she married Mr. Vanderbilt. She is the possessor of some marvellous jewels.

Photograph by Dupont.

became Mrs. Vanderbilt. It is said that no woman living has so large an allowance as this fortunate lady, but, as so often happens, she has very simple tastes. She shares her husband's love of motoring; indeed, they hoped to escape the observation of American reporters on their wedding-day by crossing to France and there starting off in Mr. Vanderbilt's marvellous motor-car; but an enterprising American newspaper instructed its Paris representative to procure a racing-machine, and the unfortunate millionaire and his bride were accordingly tracked to the country-house where they had hoped to spend a few days in complete seclusion, and every detail of the chase was published by the "Yellow Press."

Important October Babies.

The news that Lady Helen Stavordale had given birth to a son and heir gave great satisfaction both on the estates of Lord Londonderry and at Melbury, where Lord and Lady Ilchester, their clever son, and his pretty wife are all very popular. It may be safely averred that few babies born this month are likely to come into such an inheritance as that which will fall to this fortunate infant. He will in due course become owner of historic Holland House, and of the most delightful

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. The step-mother of the Duchess of Marlborough was already a wealthy woman when she was married to the great American millionaire whose name she now bears. As Mrs. Rutherford, she was well known in Paris Society, but she and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt elected to be married, by special licence, in London, and the wedding excited the most extraordinary, and to the contracting parties the most annoying, interest and excitement. Mrs. Rutherford had already been twice a wife and twice a widow before she married "W. K.V.," as some of his friends call him: her first husband was killed out hunting some sixteen years back, and her second died four years ago—that is, two years before she

Mrs. Edwin Gould. The beautiful Mrs. Goulds—that is, the group of sisters-in-law who are severally married to the sons of the famous Jay Gould—play a great part in American Society, all the more so that in each case their marriages aroused the greatest excitement and interest, this being especially true of Mrs. Howard Gould, whose husband forfeited a considerable portion of his immense fortune by electing to marry a charming young actress, for this was contrary to the wish of his father, and to the provisions in that same father's will. The second brother, Mr. Edwin Gould, is considered to be more like the founder of the great fortune than is any member of the present generation. Unlike the other two Mrs. Goulds, his



THE WIFE OF ONE OF JAY GOULD'S SONS: MRS. EDWIN GOULD.

Mrs. Gould takes a prominent place in American Society. She was Miss Sarah C. Shady, daughter of a well-known medical man.

Photograph by Dupont.

wife is devoted to the country and country life, and shares her sister-in-law Miss Helen Gould's love of nature. Several "new" flowers have been named after her, and her garden is said to be the loveliest and best-tended in the United States.

A Reigning Beauty.

Lady Westmorland, although she is not so well known to the public as two of her sisters, Lady Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland, is thought by many people to be even more beautiful than these celebrated beauties. The marriage of Lady Sybil St. Clair Erskine to the then owner of Apethorpe took place thirteen years ago, the lovely bride being still in her teens. But Lord Westmorland was not able to live much at his historic home, though he and his wife were both devoted to the place, and a short time ago he sold Apethorpe to Mr. Leonard Brassey, a son-in-law of the present Duke of Richmond. He still owns a beautiful place in Yorkshire, and Lady Westmorland is a good deal in London with her sisters. Last Season she was the reigning belle of many a great reception; and her portrait was also painted by Mr. Edward Hughes. She is the youthful-looking mother of two sons and of two daughters—of whom the youngest bears the pretty



LADY HELEN STAVORDALE.

Lady Helen Stavordale, who gave birth to a son and heir a few days ago, is the only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, and was born in 1876. She married Lord Stavordale, the eldest son of the Earl of Ilchester, three years ago.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

private park in London Town. Lady Helen Stavordale, who is already the proud mother of a little daughter, inherits beauty from Lady Londonderry, whose only daughter she is. She shares her husband's literary and artistic tastes, and delights in the associations of her father-in-law's wonderful London mansion. Lady Kensington, who has also had a little son during the last few days, was Miss Mabel Pilkington before her marriage. It is a curious fact that in spite of Lord Kensington's urban, or perhaps one should say suburban, title, he is the head of one of the oldest Welsh families in existence, and some time ago he sold his London estates for over half a million to Lord Iveagh.

name of Gloria, in addition to the more commonplace Sybil.

An Unfounded Rumour About the Kaiser.

It is reported in the *Chronicle* that the ever-strenuous German Emperor has given orders for the preparation of a fully illustrated work on the artistic objects in architecture, in painting, and in statuary for the existence of which he is directly responsible. "The book will also explain the Kaiser's attitude towards modern tendencies in art, and will be an elaborate apologia for His Majesty's preference for the old masters of painting." The rumour that a working model of the Château d'Iff is being built for the benefit of art and other critics convicted of *lèse-majesté* is denied—unofficially.



LADY KENSINGTON.

Lady Kensington, who gave birth to a son a few days ago, was a Miss Mabel Carlisle Pilkington, and married two years ago. Her eldest son, the Hon. William Edwardes, was born in May, 1904.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND.

The Countess of Westmorland, who is the sister of Lady Warwick and of the Duchess of Sutherland, married the Earl of Westmorland in 1892. She has four children, two girls and two boys.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



WHITAKER WRIGHT'S £500,000 MANSION UNDER THE HAMMER :
A CORNER OF LEA PARK.

Messrs. Hampton, the well-known auctioneers, will bring Whitaker Wright's famous Surrey estate under the hammer on the 26th of this month. The mansion, which is said to have cost the financier the sum of £500,000, is stated to be suitable for a country hotel or hydro.

Whitaker Wright's £500,000 Mansion Under the Hammer.

The gigantic London and Globe collapse will have fitting and resounding echo on the twenty-sixth of the month, when Whitaker Wright's magnificent Lea Park, Witley, and Thursley estates will come under the hammer. Of the fifty lots to be sold by Messrs. Hampton, Number 24, "Lea Park," the residence which is said to have cost the financier over half a million, is the most interesting, as it is likely to be the most sensational. The house itself, which, it is suggested, would make an admirable country hotel or hydro, was erected recently, and is situated nearly four hundred feet above the sea-level. Its drawing-room is panelled with brocaded silk, and has a very fine statuary marble mantel enriched with chased ormolu mountings; the double dining-room is fitted in Spanish mahogany of beautiful workmanship, with finely panelled doorway and dado, and a splendid mahogany mantel; the ball-room or music-room has a carved and gilded frieze and an arched ceiling decorated by Italian artists, while sixteen fluted columns of cedar-wood with gilded capitals add to its ornateness. In this saloon is a completely fitted stage, with dressing-rooms, and a minstrels' gallery adorned by a beautiful gilded grille, and above it is an observatory. At the southern end of the terrace is a palm-house.

The Submerged Room and the Gardens.

The greatest novelty is to be found in the grounds, where a long tunnel leads to the famous and much-paragraphed submerged room under the lake. This is glass-domed and surmounted by a marble statue, and an extension of the passage by which it is approached leads to another room which gives access to the leads above the level of the water, which are embellished by sea-horses in marble. Also in the gardens are two smaller lakes, with grass terraces, magnificent statuary, a spring-house, a boat-house and tea-house, and a bathing-house.

Morocco and Algebra.

It is in Morocco that algebra is said to have been invented, so there is something very appropriate in expressing the situation in that country by an algebraical formula. This is how it is done—

$$\frac{M}{2R \times 2r + 2T} = O.$$

M stands for Morocco, which is divided by 2R, that is, by Rouvier and Radolin, whose diplomacy is multiplied by 2r, that is, by Revoil and Rosen, and added to 2T, that is, to Taillandier and Tattenbach. The result is nothing, which will, no doubt, be very near the truth when expressed in diplomatic formulæ.

The German Crown Princess and her Dresses.

It will be remembered that the German Crown Princess, acting on the inspiration of her mother, bought all her trousseau in Paris. The Emperor was very angry at the slight on the Berlin dress-makers, and the Princess herself met with some unpopularity on this account. But henceforth all is to be changed, and the Princess has let it be known that she will have her dresses made in Berlin in future, as she is not satisfied with the work of the Parisian costumiers. However, the Parisians are not insulted, for they know perfectly well where her preferences lie, and understand that the Princess has had to surrender to pressure put upon her.

The Empress Eugénie and her Forest.

The Empress Eugénie has just given instructions for the sale of her property near Bordeaux to the wood-merchants of that city. The property in question was acquired by Napoleon III. in 1857, and contains about sixteen thousand acres. It has been greatly improved by opening up roads and planting trees, and it comprises the whole of the Commune of Solferino, the church, the Town Hall, and all the buildings. The wood-merchants of Bordeaux have long coveted it, for there are more than four hundred thousand trees in fine condition on the estate.

A Kingsway Contrast.

Within easy distance of the site of the daïs where an address will be presented to the King on the occasion of the opening of the new thoroughfare from the Strand to Holborn, there may be seen, day by day, a line of pallid, threadbare men waiting for their turns for admission to the

Church Army's Labour Yards, that they may earn a mouthful of bread by the sweat of their brows; in the newspapers may be found the statement that £5,000 will be spent on the decoration of the road and on the erection of stands for its inauguration. Surely a study in contrast. That the King should be received in manner fitting his dignity as Sovereign of one of the world's greatest Powers none can deny, that he should be shown outward and visible signs of the loyalty he has so well earned goes without saying; but it is difficult not to think that His Majesty, himself our most prominent philanthropist, would infinitely prefer that his welcome should come from the throats of his people rather than from silent, breeze-swayed bunting. Could not something be done, even now, to divert at least a part of the five thousand pounds to some more lasting good? Someone should see to it. "All official London" should read "The Happy Prince."



WHITAKER WRIGHT'S £500,000 MANSION UNDER THE HAMMER :
A FOUNTAIN ON THE TERRACE.

The pleasure-grounds of Lea Park are extremely beautiful and include a lovely chain of lakes, beneath one of which is the famous submerged room, reached by a long tunnel. There are also many beautiful examples of statuary, a boat-house and tea-house, a bathing-house, and a spring-house.



WHITAKER WRIGHT'S £500,000 MANSION UNDER THE HAMMER :
THE GREAT BALL-ROOM OR MUSIC-ROOM.

The ball-room of Lea Park is one of the finest of many fine apartments. It has a beautifully carved and gilded frieze and an arched ceiling decorated by Italian artists, while sixteen fluted columns of cedar-wood with gilded capitals add to its attractiveness. It is provided with a stage and a minstrels' gallery, and above it is an observatory.

WHITAKER WRIGHT'S £500,000 MANSION UNDER THE HAMMER:

VIEWS AT LEA PARK, SURREY.



1. "MAN PROPOSES AND GOD DISPOSES": THE UNFINISHED SECTION OF THE MANSION.

2. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE UNFINISHED SECTION.

3. THE LAKE UNDER WHICH WHITAKER WRIGHT HAD HIS SUBMERGED BILLIARD-ROOM, SHOWING THE STATUE WHICH SURMOUNTS THE ROOF OF THE SUNKEN ROOM, THE MANSION, AND THE GARDEN TERRACES.

4. BENEATH THE LAKE: THE GLASS-DOMED SUBMERGED ROOM, AND THE PASSAGE LEADING TO IT.

6. BILLIARDS UNDER THE WATER: THE FAMOUS SUBMERGED ROOM.

5. THE FLIGHT OF STEPS LEADING TO THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

7. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SUBMERGED ROOM.

The Lea Park Estate, which is said to have cost the financier £500,000, is situated at Witley and Thursley, Surrey, and is to be sold in fifty lots on the 26th of the month. The most sensational feature of the estate is the billiard-room beneath the lake.

MY MORNING PAPER.

❖ By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

A FEW years ago, poor Britons had the fear of the American conquest of British industries constantly before their eyes. Their tobacco was threatened by a huge "Combine," and their shipping was only left upon the high seas by courtesy of the American Shipping Trust. Other conquests were planned, and Mr. Oppen, the American cartoonist, presented John Bull, with a rueful countenance, handing over his last assets to Cousin Jonathan, whose prosperity seemed to have flown to the region of the waistcoat. Now all these things are changed. The American tobaccoists seem to have left almost as much money in this country as they hoped to take out, and British ship-owners sold their vessels to the Trust at prices distinctly remunerative to the sellers, leaving the American "Combine" with vessels that will want a lot of persuasion to realise their cost-price.

American Lunches. Even the Steel Trust has not driven the country off the lines of solvency, and now, as though to demonstrate the failure of the American invasion, the Quick Lunch Company has retired into private life. I am glad to record this last case of collapse, for I am well assured that Quick Lunch (general, not particular) was part of a deep-laid scheme of the Invaders. If they could once ruin the digestion of the British businessman by teaching him to lunch off monstrous things like buck-wheat cakes moistened with molasses and washed down with water, they would soon have had him at their mercy. But the Briton remained faithful to his chop or his steak, or his cut from the joint, with vegetables cooked in water thrown in. British commercial prosperity may be said to stand where it did, for the great digestion of the people is sound.

Peaceful Autumn.

When nowadays I find London where it is, and showing no sign of sudden change, I am inclined to be grateful, for it is notorious that several of the people who teach London how to live are busy elsewhere. John Burns, for example, has been visiting Canada, and, as I read that he is reserving his opinion of things Canadian for his return to town, it is more than likely that he has not been pleased. Mr. Stead, another of our most persistent monitors, is teaching his friend the Czar how to govern his people, and explaining to the people how they should be governed. At a time like the present, when London loses two of its loudest voices, I read that Profit Dowie is paralysed and feels so poorly that he has chosen one on whom the mantle of Elijah is to fall at the proper time. The Revivalists have departed from their tin shanty at the Strand's end, and Passive Objectors have ceased to interest. In short, we are enjoying a peace that is hardly disturbed by differences of opinion between certain daily papers of largest circulation.

Peace by Conference.

The Russian Note inviting the Powers to participate in a second Peace Conference at The Hague seems to have more than a little of the quality of a bad joke. One would have imagined that the Czar wished people to forget the fact that he was responsible for the first gathering in the Huis ten Bosch, seeing how ill the Conference sorted with the procedure that followed it. There may be matters for discussion arising out of the recent war in the Far East, but it would

have been better if some other Power had drawn the world's attention to the fact. That the rulers of Europe are not supremely enthusiastic about the new gathering is suggested by the fact that, at the time of writing, Great Britain has not replied, and the report that Germany will be represented on condition that the Conference shall not attempt to bring up for discussion the questions of disarmament or the reduction of land or sea forces. A Peace Conference that discusses nothing more vital than maritime law in its relation to neutral ships and contraband will hardly appeal to the imagination of the world at large. A suspicious generation, recalling the results of the first Conference, may be pardoned if it asks in what cataclysm the new one is destined to engulf the civilised world.

The Alliance and the Outsiders.

I am sorry to see that the publication of the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has done nothing to increase our popularity upon the Continent. While we blunder in our national capacity and "muddle through somehow," our neighbours of the Continent are seemingly oblivious of our many imperfections, but so soon as we seem to have done some

good business they cry havoc, and let slip all the puppy-dogs of the Fourth Estate. The attitude of these sapient makers of history is very instructive. They are not angry with Japan, poor little country; she has shown herself entirely unable to deal with foreigners. Now that she is being dragged at the heels of Brutal Britain and endures the humiliation without crying out, the Continental Press does the crying for her. She is being inveigled into a snare that will make her a partner with perfidious Britain in the control of the Far East. She will have the call on our Fleet, which will be of no use to her, and will be forced to send her gallant men to die in India and elsewhere to uphold the effete British Administration there. I find myself wondering



Photo. Hutin Trampus.

WRECKED BY AN ANGRY AUDIENCE: THE DESTRUCTION RECENTLY WROUGHT AT THE PLAZA DE TOROS, NÎMES, BY DISSATISFIED SPECTATORS.

A glance at this photograph will give an excellent idea of the passions that animate the Plaza de Toros. At Nîmes recently the spectators, being dissatisfied with the Corrida, expressed their displeasure in the emphatic manner recorded here. Since the provisions of the Loi Grammont were enforced rigorously throughout the Republic, the people of Nîmes, Dax, Arles, and other cities of the South have been loud in their complaints. They sigh for the "good old times" when the leading diestros came across the Pyrenees and horses and bulls were slaughtered as in Spain. As will be seen above, there are times when they are not content to sigh.

whether the official circles of London or those of Tokio find the more amusement in reading this "semi-official" nonsense.

The Trumpet Call.

If Great Britain did wake up when the Prince of Wales requested her to do so some months ago, after his return from the long journey abroad, the speeches made last week by Sir Edward Fry to the Birkbeck scholars, and by Sir James Crichton-Browne to the medical students of Charing Cross Hospital, will not have fallen upon deaf ears. The doctor spoke about inefficiency and the lawyer about vulgarity, and the combined effect of the speeches is to suggest that we are guilty upon both counts. Happily, these faults, grave though they be, are not the monopoly of these islands; other nations suffer in the same way and pay the same extravagant price for what they are pleased to call progress. Sir Edward Fry puts forward a plea for conscientious study as an antidote to the besetting sin of vulgarity, and Sir Crichton-Browne advocates temperance, a proper allowance of sleep, ample time for meals, and moderate recreation for mind and body as the best course of treatment for the prevention or cure of inefficiency. Though people may be apt to sneer at counsels of perfection, the two addresses were of real value and show a shrewd perception of national shortcomings.

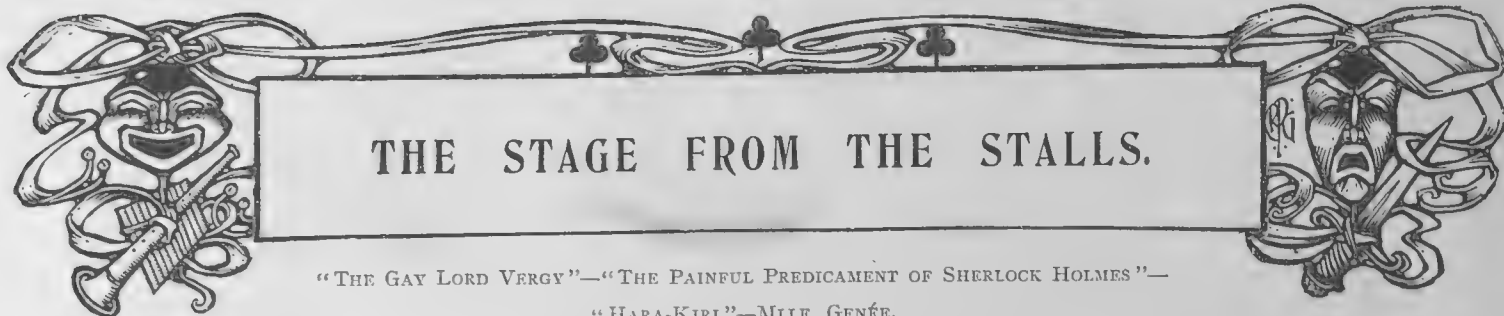
"THE NEW SHYLOCK" AS SHYLOCK TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS SHYLOCK IN THE PRODUCTION OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT OXFORD IN 1883. (THIS "MAKE-UP" IS DIFFERENT FROM THAT IN THE PRESENT PRODUCTION.)

Mr. Arthur Bouchier's first appearance as Shylock was in his undergraduate days, when he played the "Jew that Shakspeare drew" for the Philo-Thespian Club, which was afterwards merged in the famous O.U.D.S., at Oxford, and later, at Stratford-on-Avon and the Charterhouse School. The performance is noteworthy not only for Mr. Bouchier's own performance, but from the fact that a number of people who have since become notable were associated with him. Mr. W. L. Courtney, the well-known writer and dramatic critic, was the Bassanio; Mrs. Courtney, the Portia; Miss Arnold, a niece of Matthew Arnold, the Nerissa; Mr. Bromley Davenport, now M.P. for the Macclesfield Division of Cheshire, the Launcelot Gobbo; and Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, author of "The Vagabonds," "A Village Tragedy," and many other works, who is a daughter of the late Dean Bradley, the Jessica. Mrs. Woods also painted some of the scenery. The prologue was written by F. E. Weatherly, the song-writer, and spoken by the cleric who is now Father Adderley. The music was by the well-known composer Lionel Monckton. The original production was at the instigation and under the patronage of the late Professor Jowett, and Mr. Alan Mackinnon, who has assisted Mr. Bouchier in the present production, was also responsible for the production on that occasion.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

"THE GAY LORD VERGY"—"THE PAINFUL PREDICAMENT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES"—

"HARA-KIRI"—Mlle. GENÉE.

"THE GAY LORD VERGY," which came to an end at the Apollo Theatre on Saturday, is not musical comedy as we know it in England, for it depends on a plot, and its music is ambitious enough to adorn a small "grand opéra"; and for various reasons it is not the "opéra bouffe" which is reported to have been a great success in Paris. Somebody has been fascinated by it there, with a fascination which has taken the form of risking a considerable sum of money in transplanting it to fresh soil, where, as we have noted, it has withered at an early stage of its career. It is remarkable how often one meets the idea that one and one make four. I gather from the accounts of "Le Sire de Vergy" that one part was music, one part wit, and two parts impropriety. The music remains, more music is added, and the rest has been left behind. That the impropriety was stopped on the way as an undesirable alien will not be regretted; but a little of the wit might with advantage have been brought over in the dialogue and lyrics. Our Censor would not object to that. Mr. Arthur Sturges has obviously been in difficulties in the attempt to fit words to somebody else's metre, and is hardly to be congratulated on the result.

The story is a burlesque romance of the Crusades as seen through modern French eyes. The warrior who goes doesn't go, and the wife who stays behind with the lover is bored. The warrior picks up a troupe of music-hall artists at Lyons, the nearest point to the field of battle he reaches. These he brings home as the captives necessary to lend an air of truth to his story. The lady of the troupe is the lover's long-lost wife: and a pantomime duel, familiar to those acquainted with "The Babes in the Wood," winds up an entertainment which on the first-night suffered severely from unnecessary length. It would have been an improvement if the words and music had been burlesque as well as the story; but the music of M. Claude Terrasse (additional numbers by M. Théo. Wendt) is meant to be, and frequently is, quite serious, and was sung as such by Mlle. Aurélie Révy, so that the chief impression left was one of incongruity. She has a fine voice, which was made for less frivolous things; but the solid success of the evening was made by Miss Gracie Leigh as a Cockney Saracen Princess. Mr. John Le Hay and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald worked hard, but not fortunate in their opportunities.

At the Duke of York's, Mr. William Gillette, who is usually so solemn, has given way to the temptation to make a little joke. It is quite a small one, and his accomplice is Miss Irene Vanbrugh. It is called "The Painful Predicament of Sherlock Holmes." The curtain rises on the great man, in the customary firelight, smoking the customary pipe. All the "properties" are there, the violin, the chemical retort, the scientific diagrams, and the rest of them; and for fifteen minutes Miss Vanbrugh

ranges round the room cheerfully smashing them all, to the accompaniment of a stream of incoherent babbling about her admiration for him, and her desire for assistance for her lover in prison. And he smokes and smokes and says never a word. But his mind is at work, and his deduction that she comes from a Lunatic Asylum proves to be correct. He has even guessed the right Asylum. The bringing in of Miss Vanbrugh to play the part is one of the most effective points of this subtle piece of humour, and she enters into the spirit of it well. Another "curtain-raiser" of the week is "The Hara-Kiri," by a Japanese Company at the Savoy, which is both a tribute to the new Alliance and an interesting study of the beginnings of dramatic art. Here we learn how the Japanese of the twelfth century are supposed to have fought and died, and how in the twentieth they sing and dance and act. Still more curious will it be to see how they do it ten years hence.

Some newspaper paragraphs concerning Mlle. Genée have filled me with dismay, for it is stated that she is taking lessons in elocution and singing, with a view of making use of them upon the stage. Hitherto she has been admirably eloquent without uttering a word. Surely it is enough for her to have the world at her feet, and she can hardly ask to have it at her roguish lips also. To be recognised for several years as the greatest dancer in London is no mean thing, and to run any risk of losing the position is deplorable. We have several times seen a dancer's career ruined because acting and singing parts have been entrusted to her; for it is natural,

almost inevitable, that she should favour the new art at the expense of the old. Names suggest themselves, but it is indiscreet to mention them; nor have any of the lost dancers been in the same street as Mlle. Genée. Probably, if she acts and sings, her success will be substantial. Like every dancer of the severe school, she has studied the art of miming, or dumb-show—it is a pity that our ordinary players are not put through a stringent course—and she has often shown that she can say a great deal without speaking. Consequently, then, the stage may gain an admirable performer in the singing soubrette line, yet lungs are lungs; there is a smack of wisdom in the old phrase about "keeping your breath to cool your porridge," and in all likelihood we shall get less of her dancing, which is unique, in order to enjoy performance of another character, which, though charming, can hardly be unparalleled. The case is one of vaulting, or rather, dancing ambition which should be checked; for no dancer during my time has done so much to keep alive interest in her art as Genée, who is old enough to unite amazing technical skill with great natural grace and a remarkable inartificiality of manner, and young enough not to have reached her limits. What a pity if she turns her pretty toes from the paths of Terpsichore and invades a branch of art in which there are already a number of admirable performers!



THE NEW JACK FROBISHER: MR. AUBREY SMITH, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER IN "THE WALLS OF JERICHO," NOW AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



MISS MAUDE CRESSALL, WHO IS TO TAKE THE PLACE OF MISS NORAH KERIN (MRS. CYRIL MICHAEL) IN MR. TREE'S ONE-DAY PRODUCTION OF "THE TEMPEST."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



THE NEW LADY ALETHEA FROBISHER: MISS MABEL MOORE, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "THE WALLS OF JERICHO," NOW AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

THE LEADING LADY IN "CLARICE."



MISS MARIE DORO, WHO IS PLAYING CLARICE MARLAND AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Photograph by Sarony.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

I—THE EARL OF DURHAM.—LAMBTON CASTLE, FENCE HOUSES, DURHAM.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

IT is, I believe, recognised that no place in the world contains more charming country-houses than the United Kingdom. I do not say this in a boastful spirit, far from it, for I know well how grand and even imposing are the castles of Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and Spain. But these, somehow, are not like our old houses; there is nothing about them which can be described as "homey" looking, neither do their surroundings resemble the sylvan scenery in which we generally find our old castles and manor houses nestling. The admiration and the love we feel for these beautiful old links with the past are well justified, for in nine cases out of ten they are as interesting as they are beautiful. By interesting, I mean that there is nearly always some weird old legend attaching to them, maybe of ghost, romance, battle, strife, or even murder and sudden death. Many of these legends are picturesque, but unlikely; yet there are some which even to-day puzzle the most case-hardened sceptic. Then, also, one fairly gasps when one stops to think for a moment of the incalculable amount of treasure which is gathered within these ancient homes. I say "incalculable" advisedly, for there are many treasures that are priceless.

It is in connection with these, and with the legends and ghost and other stories, that I hope to give week by week a short article, as well as some illustrations.

It is difficult to know which house to commence upon, so I shut my eyes and blindly pick out a picture from a pile before me. It is Lambton Castle! This is situated near Durham, and is the stately seat of the Earl of Durham. It was built in 1797, and designed by Ignatius Bonomi. It stands grandly on the edge of a sharp declivity running down to the River Wear, which divides the park. Lambton, as it is to-day, differs widely from the old castle, which stood on the opposite bank of the river; nevertheless, though this old house is now demolished, the family legend remains, and will ever be carried down to posterity. Briefly, it is as follows: Once upon a time, a youthful Lambton was wicked enough to fish in the Wear on Sundays. After repeated failures, he was about to give up, but determined to have one cast more. He drew out nothing but a very small worm, or eel, which he contemptuously threw into a well. After this, more serious thoughts filled his mind; he bathed himself in holy water, took the Sign of the Cross, and departed for the Holy Land—forgetting all about the worm.

Meanwhile the worm grew and grew, till the well became too small to hold it. So, leaving the well, it took to the Wear, where it rapidly increased in bulk and became a terror and scourge to the country. It drank daily the milk of nine cows, and there is still a small knoll, eighty yards from the river, called the Worm Hill, around which it could coil itself nine times!

When the young Crusader returned, he was shocked to hear of the

consequences of his former impiety, and so made several bold attempts to slay the huge creature, in all of which he was foiled by the power it had of reuniting itself when cut in two. So he sought the advice of a witch, who promised him success, provided he would kill the first living creature he met after his victory.

On the appointed day the customary dole of milk was withheld, and, roused to fury, the worm proceeded to cross the river, where young Lambton, encased in a coat of mail studded with razor-blades, awaited on a rock. In rage the worm wrapped itself round him and was cut to pieces by the razors, whilst by the rapidity of the stream each fragment was borne away, without power of reunion, and the worm was thus destroyed by its own efforts.

The anxious father meanwhile despatched a hound, in order to obviate the danger of being himself the first to meet his son. The dog, however, strayed, and thus the first person the youthful Lambton met was his father! As he refused to kill his father, the penalty that no chief of the Lambtons should die in bed for nine generations was incurred. As one passes through the grounds and castle, there are evidences in stone and glass of this legend, which is thoroughly believed in.

The features, apart from the rooms at Lambton, are the statuary, pictures, china, books, and Royal gifts. The great hall has a wonderful collection of large furniture, chiefly Louis XV. and XVI., statuary by Waldo Story and Gibson, Sèvres vases from the Imperial Manufactory of Alexandroffsky, presented by the Emperor of Russia, and very fine pictures.

The drawing-room which leads out also contains endless valuable objects, such as the picture, "Master Lambton," by Sir T. Lawrence, and works by Reynolds, Zoffany, and others. Here also is the granite christening-font presented by the King of Sweden, the Bible with gold cover inlaid with miniatures surrounded with brilliants, presented by the Czar of Russia, and china of priceless value.

The large dining-room, used only when many visitors are present, contains valuable pictures; and on occasions the magnificent gold plate won by Lord Durham's racehorses comes into use.

The smoking-room, a delightful lounge with lovely views, leads into the gorgeous library, and here are books, pictures, and furniture of the utmost value. Beyond this room and the small library is Lord Durham's sanctum, which also contains many rare books and a valuable old painted screen.

Other places worthy of note are Lady Anne Lambton's morning-room, the small dining-room, with its beautiful water-colour pictures, and the staircase, where the walls are covered with paintings.

Truly it is a house worthy of a great nobleman, and its treasures are beautiful, rare, and costly to a degree. Of such a home an owner may feel justly proud, and to it Lord Durham, most undoubtedly, is deeply attached.



A WELL-KNOWN TREASURE OF LAMBTON CASTLE: SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S "MASTER LAMBTON," WHICH HAS BEEN SHOWN AT NUMEROUS EXHIBITIONS.

From the Mezzotint Engraving by Samuel Cousins, after Lawrence, in the British Museum, published by Goupil and Co.



WHERE THE LAMBTON "WORM," WHICH DRANK DAILY THE MILK OF NINE COWS, WAS SLAIN BY AN ANCESTOR OF THE EARL OF DURHAM CLAD IN RAZOR-STUDDED ARMOUR: THE WEAR, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PARK.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

I—THE EARL OF DURHAM.—LAMBTON CASTLE, FENCE HOUSES, DURHAM.



1. TROPHIES OF THE SPORT OF KINGS: SOME OF THE GOLD PLATE AND OF THE CUPS WON BY LORD DURHAM'S HORSES, SHOWN ON A SIDEBOARD WHICH HAS AMONGST ITS CARVINGS THE RAM'S HEAD OF THE LAMBTON CREST AND THE FAMOUS LAMBTON "WORM."

2. THE ORNATE SIDE OF RELIGION: A BOOK OF THE SCRIPTURES, WITH A BEATEN GOLD COVER BEARING MINIATURES SET IN BRILLIANTS, PRESENTED TO THE FIRST LORD DURHAM BY THE CZAR.

3. MORE RACING TROPHIES: SOME OF THE PLATE WON BY LORD DURHAM'S HORSES.

4. A BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF NIKH.

5. SOME FINE STATUARY: "THE FALLEN ANGEL," AND A BUST OF NAPOLEON.

6. A GIFT FROM A KING OF SWEDEN: THE GRANITE FONT PRESENTED TO THE FIRST LORD DURHAM.

7. THE SLEEPING-PLACE OF ROYALTY: THE BEDROOM USED BY THE KING, BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND BY THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

8. THE GREAT HALL, WHICH HAS A ROOF SIMILAR TO THAT OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.

WHERE CONTINUED IGNORANCE WOULD HAVE BEEN BLISS.



MOTHER: Whatever have you children been doing with that plant?

THE FIRST-BORN: Uncle said it was an indiarubber plant, and we tried to make it bounce.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR CATCH.



"Did I see yer goin' after eels along with yer father last week?"

"Yus, I went along o' 'im."

"'Ow much did yer get?"

"Oh, I got nothin'; but father 'e got three months."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE autumn lists are now completely published, and they are very promising. It is years since so many books were announced, and booksellers are hopeful. If no unforeseen catastrophe like a General Election occurs, something should be done in this season to make up for losses of the past. I pick out, as usual, a few items of special interest.

The new work by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" is to be entitled "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," and will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. All this writer's previous books have been published by Messrs. Macmillan. Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will also publish the new book of Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, entitled "The King's Revoke: being a Chapter in the Life of Patrick Dillon." Mrs. Woods' first book, "A Village Tragedy," was published originally by Messrs. Bentley, and perhaps remains her greatest achievement. It should not be allowed to fall into the background.

Sir Oliver Lodge is to enter the lists with Haeckel. His book will be entitled "Life and Matter: A Criticism of Professor Haeckel's 'Riddle of the Universe.'"

The Autobiography of Dr. Samuel Smiles has been edited by Mr. Thomas Mackay, and will be published by Mr. Murray. Mr. Murray also announces the Odyssey of Homer, Books 9-16, translated into English verse by J. W. Mackail. A highly interesting book should be "Letters of Richard Ford," edited by R. E. Prothero. Richard Ford's essays were for long one of the most attractive features of the *Quarterly Review*. Sir Lewis Morris is to appear in prose, with a volume entitled "The New Rambler. From Desk to Platform: Essays and Addresses."

Mr. Poultney Bigelow has been in Munich investigating, among other things, the famous Munich weekly, *Simplicissimus*. The editor is Ludwig Thoma, the most popular author, dramatist, poet, and satirist of *Simplicissimus*. It is forbidden by the police at every railway-station bookstall in Prussia, but the moment your train crosses the border into the next State you will see every passenger clamouring for copies. It is unique. It makes it its special business to point out to the Emperor how he is regarded by his people. It hates war, ridicules the code of honour cultivated by the Army, also the duelling fads of the students. It opposes union with Russia, and is an advocate of popular liberty. All this is done with much brilliancy and freshness. Thoma himself looks like a gamekeeper. He is dressed like a chamois-hunter of the Bavarian Alps—bare knees, hobnailed shoes, a coarse, hand-woven linen shirt well opened at the throat, a green Tyrolese slouch-hat with a feather cocked up at the stern end. He commands the best German talent, and is beloved by the great mass of Germany, who look up to him as a fearless tribune. Occasionally he goes to jail for the crime of *lèse-majesté*, though every page and line of his paper is submitted to experienced legal talent in order to determine just how far the line may be drawn and still avoid the policeman. Though *Simplicissimus* is barely ten years old, the volumes of the first three years are already rarities.

It is good news that *Macmillan's Magazine* is to be remodelled and reduced to sixpence. For many years it was, perhaps, the very best of the literary magazines. Beginning under the editorship of Professor David Masson, literature was the main interest, though plenty of space was allotted to politics, poetry, and fiction. Later on, it maintained its character under the care of George Grove. Professor Saintsbury and Mr. John Morley were also editors, and it is needless to say that they did not allow the literary standard to fall. There was something pleasing in the quaint cover-design by W. J. Linton, and the half-yearly volumes, bound in red, are still a rewarding investment. Of late the magazine has been in a somewhat comatose condition, but if Messrs. Macmillan choose to employ their great resources in revivifying it then they will certainly succeed.

They are to use it partly as a medium of advertising their own publications. It seems reasonable that every great house should have an organ of this kind.

Mr. J. K. Jerome has gone to America for a lengthened lecture tour under the auspices of the Pond Agency. He proposes to be away for six months, and he will visit nearly all the large cities. Mr. Jerome's friends gave him a good send-off from the Garrick Club the day before he sailed.

The next number of the *Century* will contain two articles on Shelley. One is contributed by Margaret L. Croft, who gives a new view and account of the poet's strange nocturnal adventure at Tanyrallt, Wales. In another, Mr. N. P. Dunn describes two unknown pictures of Shelley—a portrait and a sketch by William Edward West, which have just been found in a Southern town.

"The Final Recollections of a Diplomatist," Sir Horace Rumbold, begins with the year 1885. He describes his life as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece from 1885 to 1888, when he was sent to the Netherlands, where he remained till 1896. In this year

he was appointed Ambassador to Austria, a position which he held until his retirement from the British Diplomatic Service five years ago.

The University Presses are hardly entitled to join in the war of the magazines. But the Cambridge University Press is altogether to be commended for launching the *Modern Language Review*, under the auspices of Mr. John G. Robertson. The review is to appear four times a year—in October, January, April, and July. The first number will include "Some Notes on the Comparative Study of Literature," by Mr. Gregory Smith; "English Translations of Dante in the Eighteenth Century," by Dr. Paget Toynbee; "Notes on Passages in Shelley," by Professor A. C. Bradley; the Authorship of the Songs in Lyly's Plays, by Mr. W. W. Greg; "Shakespeariana," by Professor G. C. Moore Smith; and a "German Version of the Thief-Legend," by Mr. J. Crosland. It will be seen that the review is mainly devoted to English language and literature, and I believe the original plan was that it should be altogether concerned with that great subject. There is quite room for a quarterly which will contain scholarly studies of English literary history, but such a magazine could not be expected to pay its expenses, though it might be run at a comparatively small loss.—O. O.



WHAT'S IN A WORD?

MODEL (who has had about enough of it): I understood you engaged me to come 'ere to sit to you.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

"THE JEW THAT SHAKSPERE DREW": SOME FAMOUS SHYLOCKS.

APROPOS OF MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S REVIVAL OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE
TO-DAY, WEDNESDAY, THE 11TH.

OF all the leading parts in the Shaksperian dramas, Shylock is the shortest. To compensate for this, it is one of the most effective. It is also an exceedingly onerous rôle, so onerous, in fact, that Mr. Hermann Vezin, who, almost alone of living Shaksperian actors, has played the whole range of recognised leading parts, once said that he found the great third Act of "Othello" much less fatiguing than Shylock's great revenge scene.

While comparatively little or nothing of the early history of the part is known, it was probably created by Richard Burbage, who died in 1618. He undoubtedly wore a red wig for the character, if the lines incorporated in his funeral elegy are authentic—

... The red-haired Jew
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman lawyer caught in his own mesh.

Whether he made Shylock a comic creation is, however, open to doubt, for he must have played it under Shakspeare's direction, and Shakspeare would hardly have allowed the whole purpose of his play to be perverted in such a way. The play was altered to "The Jew of Venice" by Lord Lansdowne, and Shylock was played in 1701 by Doggett, the

well-known comedian whose

name is perpetuated by Doggett's Coat and Badge, rowed for by the watermen of the Thames every year.

It was reserved for Charles Macklin to make Shylock a serious character in 1741, the same year in which London witnessed the début of David Garrick. Macklin appears to have been a recognised low-comedian at the time, and it was, no doubt, expected that he would play the part in the conventional manner when, as deputy-manager of Drury Lane, he proposed to Mr. Fleetwood, the manager, that Shakspeare's play should be revived instead of Lord Lansdowne's adaptation. Quin, who was cast for Antonio, declared that if Shylock was played on new lines Macklin would be hissed off the stage.



CHARLES MACKLIN AS SHYLOCK.

From a Contemporary Print.

At the rehearsals Macklin walked through the part without any suggestion as to the way he was going to play it, though he had carefully rehearsed every effect in private. On the night of the performance, Feb. 14, the house was full. "The two front rows of the pit," as Macklin himself said, "as usual, were full of critics, who, sir, I eyed through the slit of the curtain, and was glad to see them, as I wished in such a cause to be tried by a special jury." Their verdict was unanimous, and the reputation he won endured for close on half-a-century.

It was as Shylock that, on May 7, 1789, he made his last appearance on the stage of Covent Garden. He was a very old man—nearly ninety—and he had lost his memory. When he went into the green-room, dressed and made up for the part, he turned to Mrs. Pope and asked if she was to play to-night. When she assured him she was and that she

was dressed for Portia, he replied, "Ah, very true; I had forgot," and asked, "but who is to play Shylock?"

When his cue came he went on the stage, but it was soon apparent that he could not remember the words, and, going to the footlights, he addressed the audience, saying that he was unable to proceed with the part, and hoped they would accept Mr. Ryder as his substitute.

It was as Shylock that Edmund Kean made his first appearance in London, to take his place as the greatest actor since Garrick. So little regard did his fellow-actors have for him that they derided him when he arrived with his properties and make-up in a little bundle, while so poor was he that money had to be lent to him to get his belongings out of pawn and to furnish him with a meat-meal to give him the strength to stand the ordeal of playing the part. That night the theatre rose at him. The next day he was on the road to fortune.

Although Macready undoubtedly regarded Macbeth as his greatest part, he selected Shylock for beginning his management of Drury Lane Theatre on Boxing Night, 1841, and probably for the first time the synopsis of the scenery was given to the audience. The revival, from the scenic point of view, was noteworthy, and Macready's Shylock was universally praised.

During his famous managership at Sadler's Wells, Phelps naturally played Shylock, and during his engagements in England Edwin Booth also acted it, but he did not attract the same attention as did Sir Henry Irving, whose first performance, many people felt, erred by being too sympathetic. Indeed, Sir Henry has himself told the story of how he came to modify his reading of the part.

Shortly before he went to America on his first tour, a blind gentleman was introduced to him by a great friend. They were fellow-passengers on the steamer, and on the voyage Sir Henry used

often to go and sit in his room and talk to him. The gentleman had not "seen" Sir Henry play Shylock in London, and was unable to be present at the performance in New York, as he had to go straight through to Boston, where he lived. When, however, Sir Henry reached Boston the blind gentleman went. A day or two later, Sir Henry called to see him. Not unnaturally, the conversation fell on the play.

"I was disappointed," said the gentleman, frankly. "Shylock is a usurer and a hard man. I missed the hard, raucous tones which a man of that character would have in his voice, for I heard only the voice of the kind friend who used to come and sit in my cabin and talk to me and relieve the tedium of the passage across the Atlantic."

Sir Henry went home pondering on the words of the friend whose chief if not his only means of judging character was by the voice. As the result of that conversation, the actor changed his rendering of the part, and hardened his reading, without losing any of the picturesqueness which has made it one of the most striking characters in his repertoire.



EDMUND KEAN AS SHYLOCK.

From the Engraving by Meyer, after Watts.



SIR HENRY IRVING AS SHYLOCK.

Photograph by Lydell Sanzer.



MR. F. R. BENSON AS SHYLOCK.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

AS WE WOULD HAVE IT IF WE COULD.



A VISIT TO DR. FOZZIE, WRINKLE-DESTROYER AND GENERAL REJUVENATOR.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

Some Social Pests.



IX.—THE HYGIENIC HORROR.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



Little Colonel Brewer.

AN OFFICER IN THE BLUES.

By WALTER EMANUEL.

Illustrated by JOHN HASSALL.

WHEN the War Office decided that officers who were as broad as they were long could only be retained as regimental pets, the Volunteer Service lost little Colonel Brewer (late of the Prince of Wales's Small-Bore Rifles). But the Colonel is fond of fighting his battles over again, and, the other night, in the Club smoking-room, he gave the fullest account of the Dover Incident that has yet been divulged.

"Ah, that was a terrible affair, gentlemen," said the Colonel (who is stouter than ever), as he sipped his whisky, "a really terrible affair. In fact, it's what broke my nerve and made me send in my papers. You young men of to-day are apt to think that the Manœuvres of former days were mere child's play. This'll show you're wrong. . . . It was during the Autumn Manœuvres. It was the last day of 'em. It was an abnormally hot morning; the heat was really terrific. The previous afternoon had been bad enough, and there had been a number of casualties. Two young officers of the Scilly Buffs, while resting outside an inn, had been stung by a wasp, and I myself had been cruelly punished by gnats, while it was reported that some men of Bryant and May's Fusiliers who were taking cover behind some furze-bushes actually caught fire. But the following day was worse still. Old Sol was blazing away like a battery of hundred-ton guns, and a rumour got abroad that the Review would not take place. The Duke, it was said, always considerate, had countermanded it. As a consequence, discipline was relaxed and the men were all over the shop. Then, suddenly—the intimation came on us like a bomb-shell—it was announced that, after all, the Review was to be held. Bugles sounded on all sides, orderlies rushed about here, there, and everywhere, and indescribable confusion reigned, for we were to be on the Review-ground within half-an-hour. I myself had countermanded my horse at the stables, and it was out with a fly, and I couldn't get another. Well, as many men as possible were hurriedly collected, and some strange sights were seen, gentlemen. Some of our brave fellows were paddling: many were having a swim—and not a few of these were rushed up in bathing-costumes. A number of the Bermondsey Irresistibles ('The Girls' Own') were found dallying with females on the beach, and some of them had changed hats. There never was such a queer parade, I suppose. And there was an ugly



"Some of our brave fellows were paddling."



"Gradually I felt my men overtaking me."

keep the others up to the mark. Then, suddenly, the order was given to advance at the double, and I placed myself at the head of the motley crew. Well, gentlemen, as I have told you, the 'eat"—here the Colonel looked round, and deliberately picked it up—"the heat, gentlemen" (we cheered him for this), "was terrific, and it had fairly bowled me over—that is the worst of us full-bodied men—and, as soon as I started running, I began to wonder whether I should be able to keep it up. You see, I was used to a horse. My legs seemed curiously weak. Twice I stumbled—once it was a rabbit-hole, and the second time my cursed sword—but recovered myself. Still, every moment I found myself getting more and more distressed, and gradually I felt my men overtaking me. They were like thunder behind me. It then became a race—Officer v. Men. I made desperate efforts to outdistance them, but to no effect. Each moment the avalanche threatened to overwhelm me. I tried to run outside the line, but the line was too long. 'Stop, my men; for Heaven's sake, stop!' I cried; but my voice, I suppose, was too weak to carry. On—on—they came, with irresistible momentum—I felt the hot breath of the Hackney Downers on my neck—I made one final spurt—I chucked my sword away—but it was no good—another damned rabbit-hole did it—once more I stumbled, and—"

Here the Colonel stopped and held out his hand, and we gave him another whisky. He gulped it down.

"Well, and what happened then?" we cried.

The Colonel put his hand to his forehead and meditated. "Why, if I remember rightly, I was killed," he said.

And then some of us led him gently home.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT is a very long time since four West-End managements have been compelled to announce, almost simultaneously, that their plays have failed to attract. That, however, was the unenviable record of last week at the Scala, the St. James's, the Duke of York's, and the Apollo.

Although, in an interview, Mr. Forbes-Robertson maintained an optimistic attitude with regard to the ultimate fate of "The Conqueror," he was soon compelled to acknowledge that subsequent audiences ratified the first-nighters' verdict of the Duchess of Sutherland's play, and he speedily resolved to substitute "For the Crown," Mr. John Davidson's adaptation of Coppée's "Pour la Couronne," which he produced last night, with Miss Gertrude Elliott in the part of the slave Militza, originally acted by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and himself in his original part, preceding it by "Carrots," an adaptation of another French play which has become so popular in his repertoire.

"Clarice" will be followed on Monday by a revival of "Sherlock Holmes," with Mr. Gillette in his famous impersonation of the hero, while the Apollo will be closed pending the production of Mr. Paul Rubens's new play, "Mr. Pottle," in which Miss Ethel Irving will make her return to the musical-comedy stage.

To-morrow evening Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will substitute "The Housekeeper" for "Dick Hope." This is in accordance with their previously arranged plan, for they always intended to introduce that play to West-End audiences during their short stay at the St. James's, though the change is made somewhat earlier in their season than they probably anticipated. "The Housekeeper" is frankly labelled farce, and it is many a long year since the greatest emotional actress in England, and probably in the English-speaking world, has appeared in a play whose mission is to evoke laughter. That is, however, the scheme of the new piece by Mr. Metcalfe Wood and Mrs. Heron-Maxwell.

Considerable interest has been taken in the Japanese actors who are appearing in "The Hara-Kiri," at the Savoy Theatre, for, though Madame Sada Yacco and her Company acted in London two or three years ago, the art of the Japanese must of necessity appear as a somewhat exotic production in our eyes. The leading man of the Company is Mr. Sato, who, like so many of our own actors, began life with the intention of going to the Bar. He, however, got tired of the study of the law, and, much against the desire of his parents, went on the stage, making his first appearance in a play the English title of which is "The Life of a Samurai." He is regarded in his native country as an actor of the highest class, and is now making his first appearance in Europe.

Unlike Mr. Sato, Mr. Miyoshi, who plays Tomatada, comes of a theatrical family, and began his professional career as a boy. He was at one time a member of the Company of Danjiuro, the actor known as "the Henry Irving of Japan," who died a couple of years ago. While generally playing the heavy lead and with a special reputation

for "Hara-Kiri parts," just as Madame Sarah Bernhardt is regarded as pre-eminent in death scenes, Mr. Miyoshi has also played old-woman characters and won universal acceptance in them throughout Japan.

Miss Hanako, who plays the Geisha, is, even for a Japanese, very small, for she is only three feet in height. Her ability is, however, in inverse ratio to her size, for she is considered an actress of the highest class, and has always been very successful in emotional parts, in which, indeed, she prefers to be seen. She began acting when she was only eight years old, and played a boy's part, introducing an eccentric dance.

The announcement, made in the daily papers towards the end of last week, that Mr. James Welch had secured the lease of Terry's Theatre for a term of years marked the conclusion of negotiations which have been talked about in the Green-Room for some time, but were not recorded in this page lest anything should happen to prevent

their being brought to a successful conclusion. The enrolment of Mr. Welch among the permanent actor-managers will bring about a change in his productions. Hitherto, he has, for the most part, been associated with what he has himself called "football farce." Now, however, he proposes to discard that form of play, and to produce comedy which really represents life and character. Mr. Welch's success during his recent tour in South Africa, when he played parts which have hitherto been outside his repertoire, must certainly have convinced him of his ability to grip an audience with an iron

hand beneath the velvet glove of art, though, even in the knockabout farces to which he has been condemned, those who really appreciate acting and know what it is have had abundant opportunities of applauding his skill, to which one writer, at least, has drawn attention by describing him as "a tragic comedian." Mr. Welch's opening play and its author will be announced in the daily papers to-morrow, for his arrangements are all practically completed already.

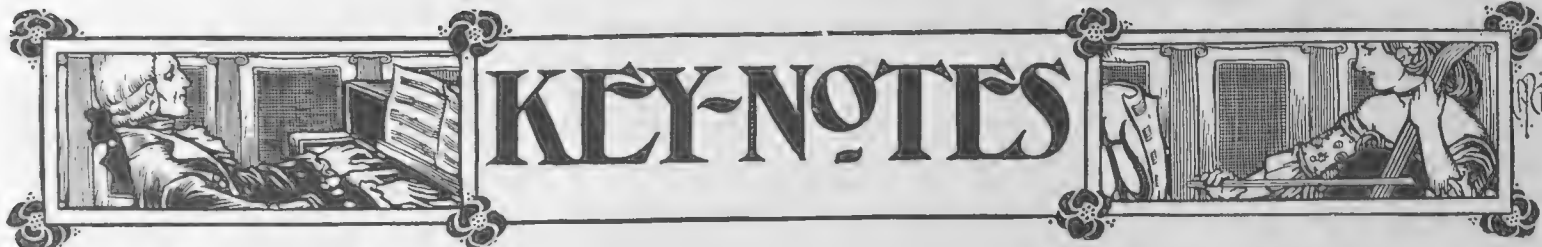
After a remarkably successful tour in the provinces with "Monsieur Beaucaire," Mr. Lewis Waller returns to the Imperial Theatre on Saturday evening to produce Mr. Alfred Sutro's new four-Act play, "The Perfect Lover," which was provisionally named "The Way of a Fool." Mr. Waller will, it need hardly be said, head the cast, and his chief associates will be Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Frank Mills, and Mr. Arthur Lewis, with Miss Evelyn Millard as his leading lady.

It is exceedingly rare for an actress to come to the front with such extraordinary rapidity as Miss Mabel Moore, who has only been on the stage since February 1903, when she joined Mr. F. R. Benson's Company, in which she remained until last July. Before that, Miss Moore studied under Mr. William Farren senior at the Royal Academy of Music, and acted in the performances given by his students at St. George's Hall. At one of those performances Mr. Benson saw her and offered her an engagement in his Company, which was accepted. Her first parts were Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice" and Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."



BEHIND THE CURTAIN: THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GIBSON GIRLS AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



MR. FRITZ KREISLER is a violinist we are always more than glad to welcome as the seasons come and go, for he is an artist who is never tempted into exaggeration, though his playing is always distinguished by exquisite taste. At the Queen's Hall a few days ago he gave a Recital which delighted, alas, only a fairly large audience. Mr. Kreisler playing in his most artistic and sympathetic manner. He was especially happy in his rendering of a Bach Suite which needs for expression all the tenderness and full artistic feeling that this artist is so well able to give to it. Works by Paganini, Corelli, Vieuxtemps, Lully, and Couperon were also included in the programme.

The sixth annual Brass Band Festival took place at the Crystal Palace last week, when over one hundred and fifty bands from London and various parts of the provinces competed for the numerous prizes, starting as early as eleven o'clock in the morning. The most interesting feature of the day's programme was the contest for the Crystal Palace Champion Cup, the successful competitors being the Irwell Springs Band, while Wingates Temperance and Lee Mount respectively gained second and third positions. In the evening a concert was given by the massed bands, when the boy musician, Max Darewski, conducted this enormous body of players.

On Thursday evening the autumn season of Italian Opera opened at Covent Garden with a performance of Puccini's "La Bohème." This season of opera promises to be of exceptional artistic value. Madame Melba takes considerable interest in the scheme; in addition to her promised singing on Thursday and Saturday last, she will appear during this week. Mr. Mugnone has brought his own orchestra from Italy, and will be the principal conductor during the season at Covent Garden. Mr. Didur, the bass singer, made his début here at the initial performance on Thursday evening last.

In many musical circles reports have been circulated to the effect that Dr. Frederic Cowen would be unable to conduct the opening concert of the forthcoming season of the Philharmonic Society at the Queen's Hall, on Feb. 27, and that, in consequence, Herr Weingartner had been engaged by the Directors. Dr. Cowen, however, totally denies this report, and states that

the excellence of the Chorus literally astounded everybody present. Their singing in the Demons' Chorus of Elgar's "Gerontius" was a *tour de force* such as one will probably not meet very often. The thing, too, was so modern that the results were all the more electric in their immediate effect. High expectations, therefore, were based on the present Festival, and those expectations have been amply fulfilled.



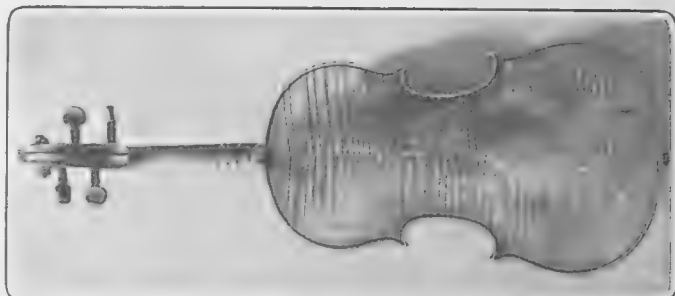
A REDEEMING FEATURE OF THE UNFORTUNATE "GAY LORD VERGY": Mlle. AURÉLIE RÉVY, WHO PLAYED GABRIELLE DE VERGY.

"The Gay Lord Vergy," which ceased to exist after a week at the Apollo, holds the "short-run record" for musical comedy. The acting and singing of Mlle. Aurélie Révy was one of the comparatively few redeeming features of the production.

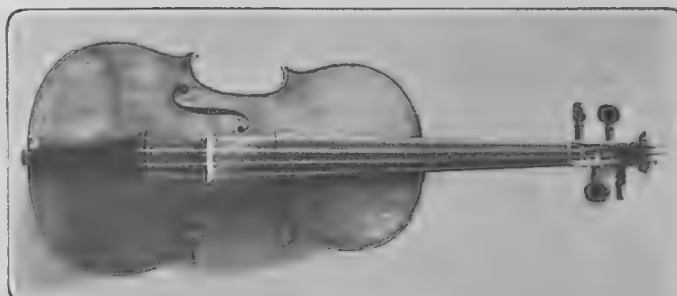
Photograph by Bassano.

Weingartner was the conductor. Perhaps there are some who would think it ungracious that so essentially English a town as Sheffield should have gone abroad for a conductor; but that controversy may be set aside, and there is no doubt that Weingartner made a sensation. The chief controversy centres, it seems, about the interpretation which he gave to Bach's Great Mass in B Minor. Here pundits and laymen disagree, and between themselves and each other. Here there is no need of careful discussion: it may be said, in the humble opinion of "Common Chord," who was present on the occasion, that he takes the side of both those laymen and pundits who considered this interpretation superlatively fine. The splendid choruses went with a vitality and a spring immeasurably worthy of praise; and what the Sheffield Chorus is only those who have heard it can say. In the transcendent "Sanctus," with its swing and jubilation, one had thought to reach one of the summits of musical beauty. Still, there is controversy—based, it would seem, on the rapidity of the time taken by Weingartner. He has his own way of thinking the matter out; and, whatever way one may view the interpretation itself, the working out of that theory was superbly accomplished. Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Lane Wilson were the soloists.

Another brief paragraph may be given to the Festival. There has been no complaint whatever concerning Weingartner's rendering of "Messiah," although his relation towards Handel was exactly that towards Bach. And why? Because "Messiah" is known everywhere, by everybody, and it was a pleasant excitement to hear a new reading of something familiar. In the case of Bach, people tremble still to think of anything but of a supposed venerable and worn-out tradition which never really existed.



THE BACK.



THE FRONT.

THE WORK OF ONE OF STRADIVARI'S SONS: A VIOLIN MADE BY FRANCESCO STRADIVARI, SON OF ANTONIO STRADIVARI, SOLD AT MESSRS. GLENDINING'S FOR £95

Photographs by Clément.

the date of the first concert was fixed in order to enable him to be present after his return from Scotland.

So far as English music-lovers are concerned, the central music events of the week have been taking place in the North. The Sheffield Festival has been celebrated under the direction of Herr Weingartner, and has met with huge success. Of course, it will be recollected how great a success the first Sheffield Festival was, when

The programme for the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts during the coming autumn and winter seasons is now complete, and it extends from Nov. 4, 1905, to March 3, 1906, inclusive. The soloists are all carefully chosen, including such names in various capacities as Kreisler, Busoni, Miss Crossley, Mlle. Landi, Hugo Becker, Madame Teresa Carreño, but, beyond all, Richard Strauss and the Leeds Choral Union; the latter will be included in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which will be given *with* the Chorus.—COMMON CHORD.



NON-SLIPPING COVERS—CONCERNING ARGYLL MOTORS, LIMITED—A HINT TO INSTITUTIONS FOR THE BLIND—RIGID TESTS FOR A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER—POLICE PERSECUTION.

HAVING driven through the greater part of the summer and autumn with smooth-treaded tyres, and contemplating the continued use of the car during the winter months, one's thoughts naturally turn to the adoption of one form or the other of the numerous non-skidding devices that are offered on every side. If the car is not intended for much city work, over sets and wood pavement, sufficient protection will be afforded by the use of the now well-known Dunlop non-slipping treads, which, if the brakes are properly compensated, arrest side-slip in quite a wonderful way. It is best to have these non-slipping covers fitted to all four wheels, as the steerers can then be shifted back on to the driving-wheels when the segmental cuts on the covers of the latter become worn.

For town work, particularly in provincial and Continental cities where sets abound, there is no non-skid better than the "Samson," in which the non-skidding, steel-studded, chrome-leather tread is made up as part and parcel of the tyre-cover. In this way the foundation of the cover can be by any of the great tyre-makers, for they now supply the same for the addition of the "Samson" non-skid. The steel studs in these covers are now hardened where they come into contact with the road, are so secured in the leather that they cannot draw, and, consequently, wear a very long time.

Some time since, I chronicled the establishment of Argyll Motors, Limited, and referred to the huge and magnificently equipped works which are now nearly completed to the south of and within view of Loch Lomond. When in full swing these works will be by far the largest motor-works in the world, having a capacity of not less than six thousand automobiles per annum. The faith that is in the directorate as to the enormous future of automobilism is unbounded and assured. The methods adopted by Argyll Motors, Limited, are, after all, those by which the huge and at present growing stream of French importation can alone be stemmed, and the magnitude of the undertaking is quite warranted if Great Britain is to supply all her own automobile needs and those of her Colonies.

To match the magnitude of the works, a separate concern is installing at 17, Newman Street, the largest show-rooms, garage, and repair-works which London has yet seen. The ground-floor of the dépôt will, when completed, accommodate no less than sixty finished cars; the idea of the Chairman, Mr. Watson, who hails from Leeds, is to be able to afford the purchaser such a choice that he may upon his first visit find a car to his liking, make a trial-trip upon it forthwith, and, if he likes it, draw his cheque therefor, and straightway be driven home upon it. Such a method will appeal to those who know what it is to see the best months of the year slipping by while they await the delivery of the car ordered in January and promised in May.

Another special feature of the Argylls, London, Limited's dépôt and garage will be the absolute abolition of all tips and suborning

fees to paid drivers. The system of feeding drivers and paying them a commission upon repairs and supplies bills has become something of a scandal in connection with garages, and Mr. Watson and his friends are to be complimented upon their determination to have none of it. Carriage-builders have been much to blame in the past, coachmen being feed to a very large extent when any work had to be carried out to their masters' carriages.

In place of this feeding, Mr. Watson, of Argylls, London, proposes to make awards to all drivers of Argyll cars who keep their repair bills down to within certain sums for certain distances driven. The sums offered are quite substantial, and the margin set down for repairs and renewals is so generous that every careful driver of an Argyll ought to be able to secure them. The scheme strikes one as curious when it is said that the establishment in Newman Street will boast a perfectly fitted repair-shop, with

a specially trained staff brought down from Glasgow. But it is the sale and not the repair of cars that is aimed at.

Some of the institutions for the blind where many and varied kinds of mats are turned out would do well to turn their attention to the production of special mats of cocoa-nut fibre for the footboards and rear parts of automobiles. If such mats could be readily obtained and made to pattern or template correctly in a reasonable space of time, a very large demand would spring up. These mats are not only warmer and more comfortable than the rubbers in general use, but they look smarter, and cut off the mechanical and road vibration from the feet in a much larger degree. Made with coloured edgings to match the car, they present a very dainty and finished appearance.

To-day an ordinary touring six-cylinder Napier car, after running a fast and slow mile on top-gear on the Marina Parade, Brighton, will leave that Queen of Watering-places to proceed by road to Edinburgh at a speed never exceeding twenty miles per hour, and keeping on top-gear all the time. To-day the car will stop at Doncaster, proceeding to Edinburgh tomorrow. The idea is to demonstrate the flexibility of the engine, and the fact that the car can be driven from Brighton to Edinburgh on the throttle and brakes alone.

The sooner hotel-proprietors in the provinces, brewers, wine-merchants, and caterers for public refreshment generally, realise the effect that the present virulent and insensate police persecution is having upon motorists in this country, the sooner they will essay to bring some influence upon the fanatics responsible for it. It was becoming the vogue for visitors from the States to buy or hire an automobile as soon as they landed in this country, and then to do all their sight-

seeing per motor, with the result that they and their money—considerable quantities of it sometimes—were carried into parts of the country which otherwise would never have seen them, and where their expenditure was valuable. The police persecution is driving all such, as it is driving all Englishmen, to the Continent.



A RECORD CONSIGNMENT OF MOTOR-CARS: THE "ARGYLL" SPECIAL TRAIN FROM GLASGOW TO LONDON.

The special train here illustrated recently brought thirty trucks of "Argyll" motors from Glasgow to London. The consignment was a record one.

Photograph by Argent Archer.



ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF THE NORTH ROAD: THE HADLEY STONE, ERECTED NEAR BARNET TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF BARNET.

The two cars shown are an 8-10 h.p. Coventry-Humber (on the left), and a 16-20 h.p. Beeston-Humber (on the right).

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CESAREWITCH—KEMPTON—MAJOR CLEMENT—THE PARK MEETINGS—FORM.

PRESENT appearances point to a large field for the Cesarewitch, which is to be run on Oct. 18. Princess Florizel has been well backed on the strength of her win in the Northumberland Plate, and also probably because Fisher Girl, who was second at Gosforth, came on late and won at Windsor. But what about Clifton Hall, who was third to the Princess? He ran down the course to Powder Puff for the Ayr Gold Cup, so that the book-form will not help us much here. Wargrave and Long Tom are certain to get the course. The latter, who is owned in part by Mr. Misa, who is said to be a Spanish Count, is having an orthodox preparation on the healthy Lewes Downs. Missovaja, taken on the Newbury form, has a fine paper chance if the distance is not too far. Wargrave is the great tip in the East-End of London, and he may win again, but I am afraid he has too much weight this time. Series, who is trained by Joe Cannon and is owned by Sir Samuel Scott, is a quiet tip at Newmarket. Series is a gelding by St. Simon—Sierra. He ran fourth last year to Wargrave, Rondeau, and War Wolf, carrying 6 st., and this year he has only 3 lb. more to carry. I think Series is very likely to get a place, and War Wolf may do the same if he is sent to the post; but for the actual winner I shall plump for Merry Andrew, who is undoubtedly the pick of the handicap.

There will be a very big crowd at Kempton on Friday and Saturday. Sunbury is one of the most popular of the Park Meetings held in the Metropolitan District, and I am not surprised at its paying good dividends to the shareholders, as it is run on liberal lines. The Club enclosure is one of the best in England, the catering is good, and the covered roof from the station to the stands is excellent. Mr. George Everett, the veteran Chairman of the Kempton Racecourse Company, was instrumental in getting the King, when Prince of Wales, to first attend the meeting, and His Majesty has seldom missed a fixture since, when his other engagements would admit of his being present. Mr. Seymour Portman-Dalton, the Manager of the Kempton Club and stakeholder of the meeting, is a very popular member of Society. Mr. William Bevil, the veteran Clerk of the Course, is, with the solitary exception of Mr. G. Thursby, the only amateur rider who has ever had a mount in the Derby. The chief event to be decided at the forthcoming meeting is the Duke of York Stakes, which will be run for on Saturday. The field will not be quite up to the average in point of numbers, but quality will be very apparent. If Transfer runs she should win, while Sansovino and Glenamoy should both run well.

The great body of racegoers learned with regret of the death of Major Clement, the popular Clerk of the Course at Ascot. As I have told in these columns for years, the Major was devoted to his daily task of watching over his pet course, and he certainly did his work thoroughly. Major Clement had many serious difficulties to overcome, but he stuck to his guns, and in the end

saw a vast improvement both to the course and to the stands. The very latest improvement is, in my opinion, the best of the lot. I refer to the covered way from the station to the Grand Stand. Major Clement often contributed sporting articles to the weekly sporting papers. He was fond of cricket, hunting, and Volunteering.



THE ATTEMPT TO REVIVE THE WRESTLING CRAZE: "THE TERRIBLE TURK,"

AHMED MADRALI, WHO BEAT TOM JENKINS AT THE LYCEUM LAST WEEK.

The match between Jenkins and Madrali was rather a one-sided affair, and the Turk won the stakes of £100 and the purse of £150 with comparative ease. He gained the first fall in 19 minutes 48 seconds, and another in 22 minutes 46 seconds.

Photograph by Bowden Brothers.

It may not be generally known that there are not more than two-thirds the number of racecourses there were forty years ago in this country; but it must not be forgotten that at the Park Meetings a dozen or fifteen days' racing are allotted every year to each enclosure. This is the outcome of the Club system, but for which the Limited Liability Companies would be without dividends. The Newbury course is given six days' flat-racing in 1906—not too many, by the way, for the Club members, who already, I am glad to hear, number something like seven hundred, which practically ensures the success of the undertaking. Of course, the race-meetings started now are not allowed to pay higher dividends than 10 per cent. per annum, which is surely quite sufficient to get, even out of racecourse shares. And this reminds me of a little story I was told the other day. A well-known racecourse official once advised the late Tom Jennings to invest in the Kempton Park Freehold Company, which owns the freehold of Kempton Park and pays a steady 5 per cent. dividend. The master of Lagrange House was very careful, and declined the investment, with the trenchant remark that the stout Three per Cents were plenty good enough for his money.

In many races of late form has come badly undone, and one caustic critic says the book is useless and he advises backers to follow the money in the case of certain stables, regardless of form. I suggested in this column years ago that a big slate should be hung in the weighing-room at all meetings, to allow

jockeys to write down after the race the reason for any big upheaval of form, so that excuses such as "Mine got left" or "I was crowded out round the bend" could be properly verified by the Stewards. There would, of course, be the unanswerable stock excuse, "He wouldn't take hold," to combat, but a bar should be put against this one. I think myself that bad riding has a lot to do with the bad form shown by some horses. There are some clever jockeys, intelligent, and of good judgment; but, unfortunately, there are others who are steeped in ignorance and have no more idea of handling a tender thoroughbred than they have of manipulating a typewriting machine. They tug their horses' heads, flourish their whips, and make themselves generally ridiculous in trying to ride flash finishes, ending up, nine times out of ten, by being jockeyed out of the race by some smart boy on an inferior animal. Of course, the little coterie of admirers of this sort of riding sympathise with the defaulters after the race on their bad luck, but this does not pay the unlucky owner's training-bill. Why not make all jockeys pass an examination in riding at the commencement of each year?

CAPTAIN COE.



INTERNATIONAL BOWLS: ENGLAND VERSUS SCOTLAND—MEASURING A NEAR THING.

No less than forty bowlers took part in the International Match held on the South London Green recently. The Scots made an excellent fight, but were defeated, the scores being England 109, Scotland 86.

Photograph by the Press Studio.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TOWN always seems particularly nice during October, and that other people seem to think so too is evident from the fact that not a room is to be had at any hotel, even the second and third-rate caravanserais being crammed to their last attic since the month began. Most people have turned their faces homeward from abroad by now, and it enlivens the grey old streets of our dear village to run across friends and acquaintances again. Women are, of course, all hunting down milliners and dressmakers clamorously, for nothing looks more ludicrous and out of place than the remains of summer clothes in early winter. Though the days are still too fine for furs, a great raid is being made on sable, ermine, and chinchilla by those who can "run to" such superfine possessions, while the beauties of the various kinds of fox—white, grey, and black—are being exploited for those who can less easily make big inroads on the bank-balance.

A most instructive and daintily bound book, called "Fashions of To-day," which has just been issued by Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, deals in the most interesting and up-to-date way with each detail of woman's dress. Every novel idea of the moment, whether evolved at home or abroad, is illustrated in these comprehensive pages, and one sees at a glance what to wear and where to buy it. The vast proportions attained by Peter Robinson's business can be well judged by the extraordinary variety and value of the exhibits shadowed forth in this pamphlet, and it should be the business of every woman to possess herself of a copy of "Fashions of To-day," which, *bien entendu*, can be had for the asking. To particularise the temptations set so engagingly before one is a difficult task, but, if one note of admiration be more underlined than another, it would be in noticing

Rue de la Paix cannot fit a frock over an untidily corseted figure, a good many yet remain who put the cart before the horse in the immemorably silly manner by taking great pains over the ordering of a frock and allowing the foundation of its success, namely, the corset, to take care of itself. No greater error can be committed in matters



[Copyright.]

AN AUTUMN TAILOR-MADE IN BLACK CLOTH.

the elegance of design which characterises the tea-gowns, blouses, and furs; each illustration seems to spell the last word in originality and good taste.

Though Englishwomen generally pay much more attention to their figures than of yore, and recognise that the efforts of the entire



[Copyright.]

PINK VEILED IN WHITE.

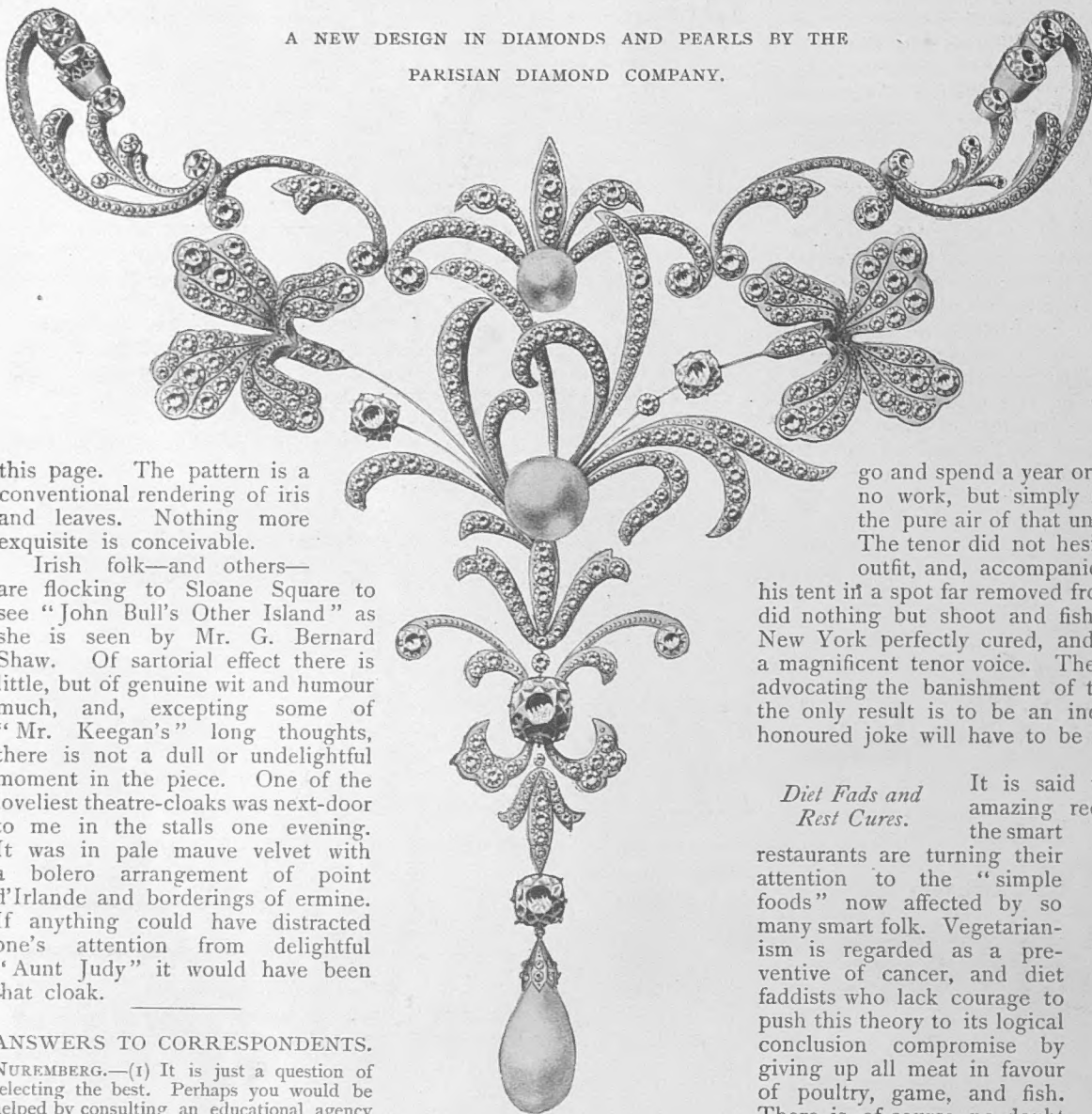
sartorial, and from the hygienic and the æsthetic aspect equally the importance of the corset cannot be overestimated. In this connection, it may be added that Sykes Josephine and Co., of 280, Regent Street, are a power in the land. In many lands, it might be added, seeing that the corsets of this celebrated firm are as well known at most of the European Courts as at our own. The firm being anatomical belt and stay makers, all their productions are cut on scientific lines; there is no compression, while the elegance of contour is preserved and emphasised. To wear a Sykes Josephine corset is, in fact, to ensure being successfully dressed and notably well set-up. Excellence in all materials used has always been the rule of this old-established firm, and, whether ordering corsets or the daintinesses of *dessus* and lingerie, for which Sykes Josephine are equally celebrated, one can always be assured of the best. An accurate form of measurement can be sent to those unable to come up to town and be fitted for corsets, or, if preferred, fitters can be sent to the country at a nominal charge. It is interesting to hear that a revival of the "bustle" is looked for this coming season—indeed, glorified editions of this once universal mode are now to be seen at Sykes Josephine's in white and coloured satins. There is nothing new under what stands for the sun in this country!

Anyone who wants to knit or crochet herself a tie or other wearable of crochet or knitting nature should investigate the merits of a new and very lustrous yarn known by the euphonious and phonetic name of "Ososilkie Yarn." An offer is made to *Sketch* readers by the proprietors of this yarn that they will send, post free, to anyone applying

for it, a shade card showing a hundred and fifty different tones of colour in which "Oso silk" is made, and, in addition, they will send samples of the various sizes in which the yarn is produced. A post-card to Messrs. Tubbs, Hiscocks, and Co., Milton Street, London, will ensure the free delivery of these articles for one week from this date to all readers of our paper.

A new design in diamonds and large, lustrous pearls has been brought out by the Parisian Diamond Company and is sketched on

A NEW DESIGN IN DIAMONDS AND PEARLS BY THE
PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.



this page. The pattern is a conventional rendering of iris and leaves. Nothing more exquisite is conceivable.

Irish folk—and others—are flocking to Sloane Square to see "John Bull's Other Island" as she is seen by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. Of sartorial effect there is little, but of genuine wit and humour much, and, excepting some of "Mr. Keegan's" long thoughts, there is not a dull or undelightful moment in the piece. One of the loveliest theatre-cloaks was next-door to me in the stalls one evening. It was in pale mauve velvet with a bolero arrangement of point d'Irlande and borderings of ermine. If anything could have distracted one's attention from delightful "Aunt Judy" it would have been that cloak.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NUREMBERG.—(1) It is just a question of selecting the best. Perhaps you would be helped by consulting an educational agency of approved reputation and standing. (2) The entire outfit for your girls could be satisfactorily done by Peter Robinson; see notice of their new book in body of article. It embraces girls' outfits as well as women's.

JESSICA (Holyport).—Velvet gowns are again very fashionable. You would get one such as you describe for about thirty guineas.

SYBIL.

PARAGRAPHS FROM ALL SOURCES

The Royal Tour. The departure of the Prince and Princess of Wales for the Far East draws very near, and recalls the visit of our present Sovereign to India and the extraordinary amount of interest and excitement with which the Mother Country followed the triumphal progress of Queen Victoria's heir-apparent. The journey began just thirty years ago, on Oct. 11, 1875, and the eventful voyage was accomplished in the *Serapis*, a famous old Indian troopship. In addition to the official Household, the future Emperor of India was accompanied by a group of private friends, including the then Duke of Sutherland, Lord, now Earl, Carrington, and Lieutenant, now Admiral, Lord Charles Beresford. Lord Alfred Paget was also of the party, and wrote each day an account of the tour for the private perusal of Queen Victoria. The Royal Tour lasted four months, and during these hundred and twenty days the then Prince of Wales travelled 8,000 miles on land and 25,000 miles by sea, and he had seen more of our vast Indian Empire than had any living Englishman.

The New Librarian at Windsor Castle.

When Sir Richard Holmes retires from the post of Librarian at Windsor Castle he will be succeeded by the Hon. John William Fortescue, a younger son of Earl Fortescue, and a brother of Lady Lucy Hicks Beach. Mr. Fortescue, who is four years on the right side of fifty, is himself by way of being an author, and he has published "The History of the British Army," "Red Deer of Exmoor," and other works. He has been private secretary to the Governors of the Windward Islands and New Zealand, and was formerly a Captain in the Royal North Devon Yeomanry.

The Inventor of the Crinoline.

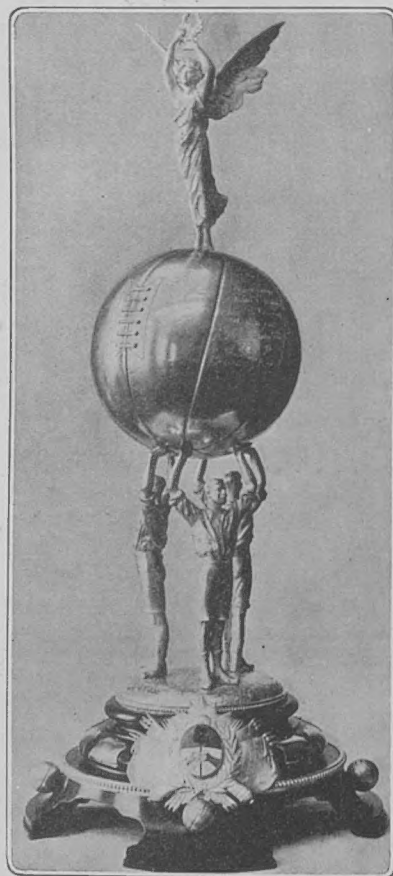
M. Auguste Person, generally known as the inventor of the wire hoop which under the Second Empire was known by the misleading name of the crinoline, has just died at the age of eighty. He himself was little the richer for his invention, since he sold it for £160, but the people who put it on the market are said to have cleared several millions. The wire "cage" came in about 1860, and was universally the rage until towards the end of the Second Empire. Then it began insensibly to decline, and with the coming of the Third Republic it disappeared altogether. So rapidly did the fashion change that by 1878 women were wearing the eel-skin sheath, and were unwilling to believe that they had ever worn the crinoline. When Mr. Pinero was putting "Trelawny of the Wells" on the stage, it was with the greatest difficulty that he unearthed a crinoline from which to copy the "cage" for the actresses in the play.

A Cure for Tenors.

Two years ago, an American tenor lost his voice completely, and it seemed as if his career was finished. But happily he met with a doctor who told him that if he would go and spend a year or two in the deserts of Arizona, doing no work, but simply living in the open air and breathing the pure air of that uninhabited country, he would be cured. The tenor did not hesitate, but at once bought a camping outfit, and, accompanied by no one but an Indian, pitched his tent in a spot far removed from all habitations, and for two years did nothing but shoot and fish. A few weeks ago, he returned to New York perfectly cured, and, it is said, is now in possession of a magnificent tenor voice. The American comic papers are always advocating the banishment of tenors to a far-distant desert, but, if the only result is to be an increased volume of voice, this time-honoured joke will have to be abandoned.

Diet Fads and Rest Cures.

It is said that the coming winter will see an amazing recrudescence of diet fads, and that the smart restaurants are turning their attention to the "simple foods" now affected by so many smart folk. Vegetarianism is regarded as a preventive of cancer, and diet faddists who lack courage to push this theory to its logical conclusion compromise by giving up all meat in favour of poultry, game, and fish. There is, of course, no doubt that feminine beauty, especially after early youth, depends not a little on sobriety in eating and drinking, and in consequence extreme abstinence is now followed by those ladies who have no wish to look "fair, fat, and forty." The Rest Cure also plays its salutary part in the beauty question, and temporary suspension of social activities and all that these entail on their devotees is now regarded as a positive duty, replacing the old "cures" at fashionable watering-places abroad. The Rest Cure lasts from a month to eight weeks, and means a total disappearance from the world and from friends. It often has a good effect when the patient is highly nervous and sensitive.



"COPA DE CARIDAD LIPTON": THE SILVER CHALLENGE CUP PRESENTED TO THE ARGENTINE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION BY SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON, Bt.

The cup here illustrated is to be known as the "Lipton Charity Cup" ("Copa de Caridad Lipton"), and will be held annually by the winners of the popular contests between teams representing Argentina and Uruguay, which take place at Buenos Ayres and Monte Video alternately. The proceeds of the matches will be given to charity. The trophy, which bears the arms of Argentina and Uruguay, was manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., Regent Street, S.W.

Mr. F. Holderness Gale, who has been associated with the firm of Messrs. Cassell and Co. for many years, chiefly in connection with the *Quiver*, is transferring his services to Messrs. Partridge, and will in future be editor of the publications issued by that house.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 25.

MONEY AND THE MARKETS.

THE Bank Return, which is the worst we have seen for several years, has disturbed the markets considerably, for it is evident that, should the drain of gold go much further, we shall have a 5 per cent. rate. The actual reserve of twenty-one millions is the lowest since 1900, and the ratio of 38½ per cent. to liabilities is the

smallest for more years than we care to remember. There is also the possibility of further demands for the Continent and America. In all markets the monetary position is exerting a detrimental effect, as was to be expected, because, while a 4 per cent. rate is not unhealthy, if the Old Lady is driven to more stringent measures the effect on credit is bound to be considerable.

Apart from the money outlook, there are no unfavourable features, while the public demand for all kinds of sound or improving securities is considerable. The only spot in the



THE ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LAND CO., LTD.:
OLD HOUSE AT MAQUINCHAO, THE FIRST
BUILT BY THE COMPANY.

Stock Exchange which apparently excites no interest outside professional circles is the Kaffir Circus, and here the voice of the charmer appeals to an audience far more listless than in the worst days of the War.

THE SPASSKY COPPER-MINE.

The following note by "Q." on Spassky Copper shares is timely and must be of interest to our readers. To buy Spasskys is very like playing with fire; but, at any rate, it is as well to know all about what you gamble in, if you will do it.

Can any good thing come out of Siberia? This is naturally the first question one is inclined to ask on hearing of a mine in that part of the world. A very high degree of merit will be required to compensate for its locale—at any rate, in the opinion of English people. If the recent reports, however, are to be believed, this mine—or rather, these mines, for the Company owns a group of mines—are extraordinarily rich in copper, and the recent advance in the price of the shares may be fully justified.

The property owned by the Company consists of an area of upwards of a hundred square miles in the Government of Akmolinsk, Kirghese Steppes. It is at present a long way from the railway, carriage to which from the mine costs £5 per ton, but railway extensions to the property are contemplated, and are likely to be hastened by the valuable discoveries of coal on the estate, the best coal within a radius of six hundred miles. In other respects conditions are favourable; labour is cheap and plentiful, the staples of life are produced in abundance locally, and the necessary fluxes for the production of copper are found upon the property. The mines have been worked by the Russian owners in a crude and imperfect manner for the last forty years, and the ore mined has averaged over 14 per cent. copper. Since this Company took possession in July 1904, attention has, of course, been devoted largely to developing the mine and erecting a plant of greatly increased capacity. With this plant the Company expects to produce 12 tons of copper a day, at a profit of about £50 a ton, or, say, an annual profit of £200,000.

These particulars are taken mainly from the report issued in June of this year, from which I will also quote the following extract: "The Company's engineers advise that, taking the most conservative measurements and assay values at the known chutes as exposed, they can feel absolutely certain of blocking out between the 280 and 350 foot levels 80,000 tons of ore, of a net profit value considerably exceeding the capital of the Company." Further reports were received from the property early in September which more than confirmed these favourable estimates. At a depth of a hundred feet below the old workings a lode of ore is said to have been found from 20 to 30 feet wide, assaying from 50 to 75 per cent. copper, and the profit in sight is said to amount already to over £1,000,000.

The capital of the Company is £300,000. There are three English and three French Directors, the co-operation of a French group of high standing having been secured.

Your readers must, of course, understand that, although those who are connected with the Company are very confident, the shares cannot be regarded as anything but a speculation at present.

P.S.—Evidence is accumulating of better trade in the Midlands and North of England, especially in the Iron and Steel departments, and the shares of Companies connected with the iron and steel trades are tending steadily upwards. Among the cheaper shares I hear well of *Cargo Fleet* Iron shares, now about 22s. 6d. An interim dividend of 5 per cent. for the current year has already been paid.

Premier Diamond Deferred shares should be bought and put away for six months. No attention need be paid to the present rate of output and profits. The Company's big new plant is approaching completion, and in a few months the output will be on a very different scale.

Oct. 5, 1905.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

These days, Throgmorton Street is more or less crowded from eleven in the morning to six or half-past at night. Our Stroller's face lit up with pleasurable anticipation, and his step quickened as he swung into the street from its Eastern end.

Two youngsters in neat blue uniform came flying along and

cannoned off our friend, one on each side. Their previous haste was forgotten in a violent, pugnacious dispute between themselves as to which was responsible for the accident.

"Those telegraph-boys will kill somebody one of these nights," said a passing broker to The Stroller. "They have no more regard for other people's balance than bears of Kaffirs have."

"Stock Exchange epigrams always revolve around money," replied The Stroller, smiling the correct smile.

"You are evidently no stranger to our Street," the broker said, though his voice was the voice of untruthfulness. "I am about to sell more Kaffirs: more bear sales. The market must turn soon, although I believe my men are right."

"May I inquire what shares you are about—?"

The House-Man gave him an indignant look, and buttoned up his coat as though suspicious.

"When you give your broker an order do you expect him to blurt out the business to any casual stranger that he does not save from being bowled over by wire-boys?" he asked, all in one sentence.

Our Stroller expressed his profound apologies, and the other dived into the middle of the group close to which the pair had been standing.

"This is the Street-market in Esperanzas and Mexican things," The Stroller heard someone explaining. "Those disconsolate-looking beggars over there call themselves dealers in West Australians. That fat chap—"

"With rather a jolly face?"

"Yes. He's a West African jobber. And in the middle are the Kaffir and Rhodesian markets."

"Another Stranger," soliloquised ours.

"How are markets this evening?" asked the former.

"Westalians and West Africans deadish: Kaffirs dull, Rhodesians easier. 'Speranzas and 'Ooro rather better. Chartered under to a sixteenth."

"You make wider prices down here than we do in the North. And yet you call yourself the chief market: what?"

"Oh, we don't compete with your three-halfpenny Liverpool prices in Chartered, and sixpenny prices in Nitrates. We just content ourselves with doing our business."

"I don't understand."

"Look here. Can you make a threepenny price in a thousand Chartered?"

"Not off-hand, of course," was the answer. "But by trying round—"

"Quite so, and run the risk of spoiling the market in the meantime. Now come here."

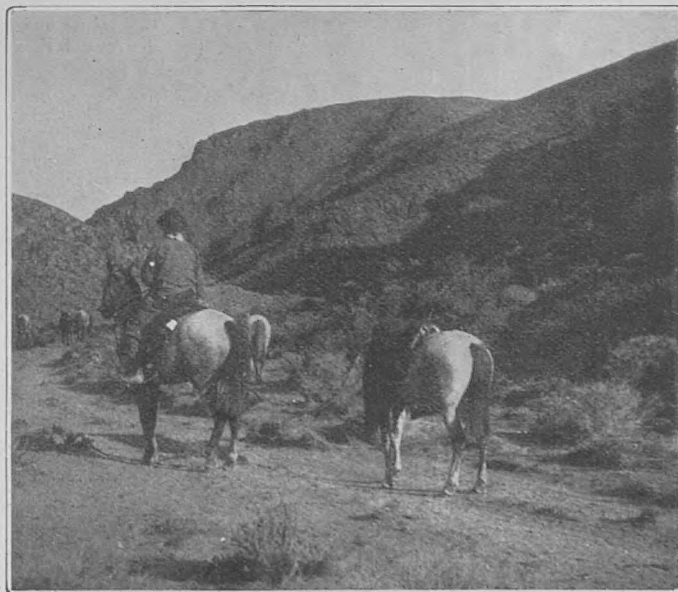
Our Stroller followed the pair into the middle of the crowd.

"What are Charts?" asked the broker.

"Under to a sixteenth in a thou. Or two," was the laconic reply of a jobber.

"Make me something closer in a couple of hundred."

"Oh, I say!" growled the other. "That's cutting it a bit too fine, isn't it? Won't under to a sixteenth suit you?"



THE ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LAND CO., LTD.: ENTRANCE TO
PASS APPROACHING RIO CHICO.

"No. Sorry. Nothing done," and the broker half turned away.

"Beast! Come along. Let's have a look at you before I shoot. How many shares? Close under to a sixteenth."

The broker dug him playfully in the chest with his pencil.

"Right," said the jobber. "I buy two hundred of you close under a sixteenth. Nothing on it, all the same."

The London and the Liverpool brokers drew to the rim of the crowd.

"He made me, let's see," and the Londoner pencilled on his cuff-paper. "He made me 40s. 11½d. to 41s. 3d., and would have made it me in five hundred, if I'd wanted him to. See? Supposing—"

The Stroller made a mental note to ask his own broker if it was always possible to deal in such a way. "It's best to gamble in a free market when you gamble at all," he considered.

"Bankets a few! I want to deal in Bankets!" a voice cried in his ear.

"What are they?" asked a bystander.

The first glanced at him and pretended he hadn't, taking no notice. He continued to call "Bankets a few!" though less loudly.

"What *are* Bankets?" persisted the inquirer, to whom a third turned round and said—

"The easiest gambles in the Rhodesian Market to lose your money over."

"Depends upon whether you are bull or bear."

"Oh, I mean bull, naturally."

"You don't believe in them?"

"Believe in them? My dear old boy, what d'you take me for?"

A donkey-cart was trying to make its way through the crowd, but the driver did not hurry. He jerked his clay-pipe towards the crowd, and said to the lady at his side—

"Pore, 'ard-workin' beggars, ain't they? Look at 'em. Some on 'em 'as to go wivvout 'ats, so as their brains shan't git 'eated. 'Ere, you leggo er my moke!" and he shook a stumpy whip at an inoffensive-looking man who timidly stroked the donkey.

A roar of ironical cheers caused that animal to plunge wildly out of the throng, and the costers drove off at triumphant speed.

"I wish Trunks would move like that," said one man, regretfully enough.

"Wait till this dear-money business gets settled——"

"May take another three months."

"Two, at the outside. Sell nothing that you've got taken up, and don't be frightened out of other rubbish."

They were standing outside Shorter's Court by this time.

"Money comes dear again from New York," reported a dealer, strolling up. "I don't much like the look of things——"

"And perhaps I'd better sell my Yankees," thought Our Stroller, as he went to seek his broker.

NEW ISSUES.

Last week we said so many new issues were incubating that the promised improvement in the price of old-established concerns might be seriously affected, and, since we wrote, several appeals have been made to the public, but the success which has attended these ventures is not such as to encourage promoters or issuing houses. The underwriters of the Middlesex 3 per cent. loan have taken seventy per cent. of their risks, the Newfoundland issue was very badly supported, and everybody is curious to see what response Cardiff will

get. With the prospect of a 5 per cent. rate in the near future, it is not unlikely that many municipalities whose banking accounts are overdrawn will make an effort to place loans before the dearth of money prevents all hope of success. Our readers will remember the wild declamation with which the story of the purchase of certain coal-lands in South Wales by a supposed German syndicate was received both by a section of the Press and in Parliament during the summer. We never joined in the outcry, partly because we never believed in the story, and partly because, even if it were true, we could see no reason to complain; but it is now known that the deal was a purely commercial affair, and in a few days the public will be given an opportunity of judging for itself from the prospectus of the Wentworth Estates, which, we understand, will be issued within a fortnight.

Saturday, Oct. 7, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

E. H.—The majority of your proposed purchases are very speculative. If you will take big risks you stand the chance of considerable profits. Arauco Preference look like a fair chance. The Colombian National Railway is not finished, so that it is impossible to estimate its prospects. The British Westinghouse Preferences are non-cumulative. Fine Spinners Ordinary should improve, if all we hear of trade is true. We have sent you the broker's name.

SPEERO.—We think all the stocks you mention are sound, but prefer Argentine Land and Investment 5 per cent. Preference, Foreign, American, and General Investment Trust Deferred, and Rio Claro Sao Paulo shares.

VISCOSE.—Nothing is known of the foreign concern you name on this market, nor can we get a price here for the shares.

J. M.—We do not think it will add to your respectability to keep your account with the Bank in question. It has no standing.

R. G.—The stock you mention is a reasonable security, but the cheapest Japanese security is the Internal Loan, and as to safety we can see no difference. Put half your money in Japanese stocks and half in Rio Claro Sao Paulo Railway shares.

E. L.—We are sorry you were misunderstood. Buy Babcock and Wilcox and Cargo Fleet shares, but pay for them and expect to keep them for a few months. Empire shares are, like all theatrical things, very fluctuating, but, from all the information at our disposal, doing well just now. We have sent you the name of a respectable broker. With regard to the marginal system, of course, if the shares fall, you will have to keep up the margins.

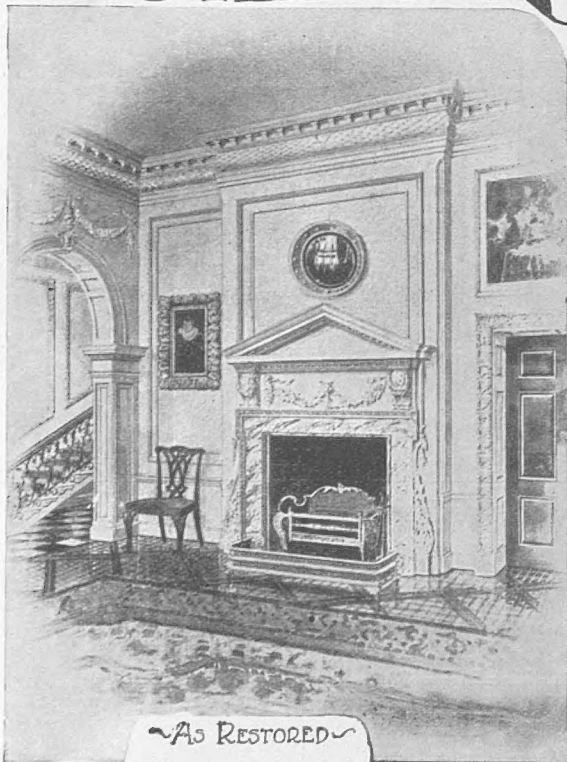
IBEX.—All your list represent fair industrial risks, except, perhaps, No. 8, which we do not like. Our advice to "Spero" applies to your case. Both the shares you suggest are promising, and may be bought with every hope of improvement.

SIDCUP.—Our opinion is against holding Kaffirs, as we think the money can be better employed. As to the life of No. 4, the property consists of 120 claims. All your shares are among the best, but the chances of a rise seem to us better in other markets. Sell at least some of your Kaffirs and buy Premier Diamond Deferred with the money, as the best chance of getting your losses back.

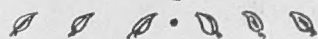
PENDRAGON.—We have sent you what you want to enable you to get advice.

E. T. H.—See answer to "Sidcup."

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